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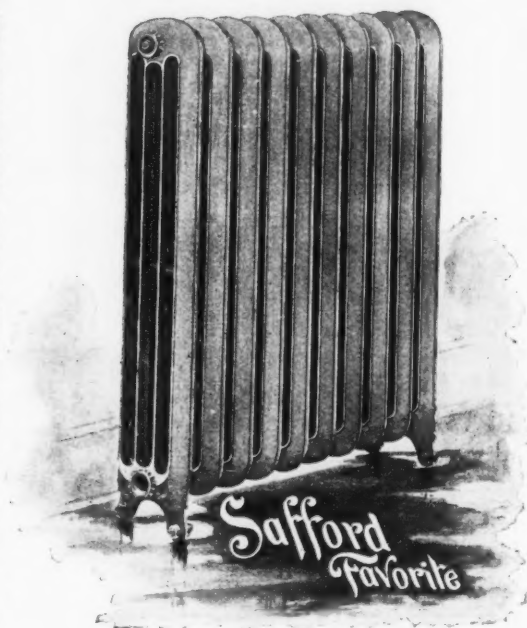
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CHRISTMAS NUMBER, 1896.



THE MARQUIS OF LORNE.
Author of our story "The Amber Drop."



LIEUT.-COL. GEORGE T. DENISON.
Author of "Queenston Heights and the Death of Brock." (Page 38.)

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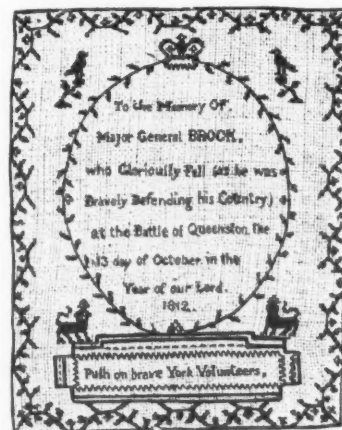
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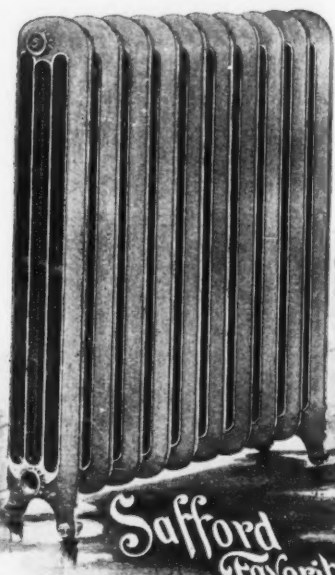
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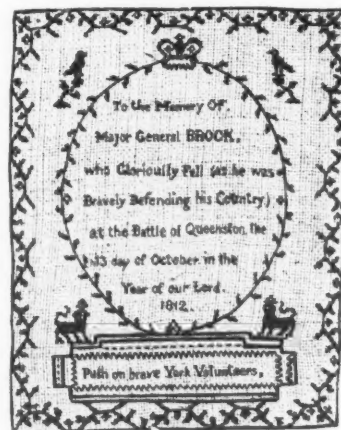
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BEFORE PARISIAN FOOTLIGHTS.

BY ANNIE C. McQUEEN.



"UNCLE."

66
HOW'S that for translation, Helen? Listen!

"C'est mon montagnard,
Avec un beau regard, tra la la."

The two lines were sung, and then the voice swung into the yodel chorus and chirped and trilled among the high notes.

"First-rate, Lu; *tres bien, tres bien*. I always said that you were a genius. But give me a chance to tune up my banjo."

The singer obeyed and flung herself full length on a Persian rug, while her companion began to pick at the E string of her instrument.

The head bending over the banjo was topped by a knot of blonde hair; the hand tapping at the string looked unusually small under its load of diamond rings. Helen was evidently fair and slight, with a weakness for diamonds that her husband indulged.

The sprawling mass on the floor was made conspicuous by a long braid of chestnut hair, well rounded ankles and wrists mixed up with a lot of pink muslin, and a pair of abnormal brown eyes; the eyes were fixed disconsolately on the ceiling.

"It's all very well, Helen," came from the mouth belonging to this composition, "to be shouting out college songs and pretending that we are not disappointed over Italy. I call it a crying disgrace to go home without seeing Venice, and I don't propose to submit, if there is a way out of the difficulty."

"The difficulty seems to be that your uncle can't spare the money," replied she of the blonde head; "and you know one can't squeeze blood out of a turnip."

"A turnip! He's an old Irish potato of obstinacy! He has the money, but now that we have done France he trumps up this excuse about not being able to afford Italy simply because he is tired of sight-seeing. He told me again last night that he did not want to see another cathedral or art gallery for ten years, and that he would absolutely go nowhere but to America. He declared that he had spent a small fortune in Paris and could not afford anything more, not even Venice. But that was all an excuse—if I only had enough money to offer to pay my own way to Venice he could not refuse to come along."

"What I call hard," said Helen, "is that I can't go because I am traveling with you, and must be the monkey who does as the other monkey does. You know I offered to lend you the money."

"And you know that I can't take it because I might never pay it back, and, besides, uncle would not let me go without him, and I'd like to see you offer the Hon. Mr. Rawlings a loan. However, we must manage that trip. I think I shall earn the necessary cash."

"You! And how?"

"By giving lessons in my glorious Mother tongue—a la Mademoiselle de Lambert."

"Two lessons a week at two francs, that's four francs; ten times four, forty; ten weeks gone and you have a capital of eight dollars. You had better turn to song and dance artist if you want to make money."

"Why not?" cried the other as she shot into a standing position by an electric thought. "I could do better than those girls we saw last night at the Café Chantant. I say, Helen, I'll do it if you'll stand by me."

"Do what?" asked Helen, giving an unmerciful twist to the peg of the E string.

"What? Why, go and engage for a week's performance at Les Ambassadeurs. You'll play the banjo and I'll do the college songs with the whistle, the yodel and the chicken dance. Don't stare; I mean it."

"You have lost your senses!"

"Not a bit of it; the thing is simple enough. Nobody knows us in Paris and we know nobody. Uncle is the only obstacle, and Italy is the reward."

"And the manager of Les Ambassadeurs?" suggested Helen; then added, "You know, Lu, that if you

told me to go into the heart of Africa I would only say *allons!*"

"Well, then, *allons!* we will go this minute and interview the manager; to save time is to lengthen Italy! I'll do the talking, and I only ask that you won't hide behind me and look like a sneak-thief."

Ten minutes later the conspirators, armed with the banjo and the book of college songs, were in a cab rolling down the Champs Elysées. Alighting they approached their destination with some timidity.

The Café Chantant, Les Ambassadeurs, yawned upon its early visitors, for it was only ten in the morning. Fortunately, the manager was there directing the work of a couple of scenic artists, and was in a good humor. He gazed quizzically at the applicants, and after listening politely to Lucile's carefully prepared speech, threw open the door of the office and invited his visitors to walk in.



TRYING NEW PIECES.

"And now, mesdames," he said, "show me what you can do."

Helen sat like a bundle of unstarched clothes in the middle of her chair, until Lucile's curt voice knocked her senses into place.

"Don't be a fool!" There was a hard glitter in Lucile's eyes, and the determined curve of the lips that Helen never resisted. A weak chord across the strings, then a reassuring one, and the frightened musician gripped her banjo in a brave resolution to do or die. The deep voice of the instrument seemed to lead off of its own accord into the music of the chicken dance, and then wandered back to the beginning of the song Clementine.

Lucile's voice trembled a little at the outset, but she was quick at tricks of expression and her nervousness became pathos in the story of the unlucky miner's daughter. She was master of the situation by the time the chorus was reached, and picked up her skirts for the chicken dance with an agility that meant triumph.

There was no gainsaying the charm of the voice. Helen had always insisted that Lucile was a musical juggler; she had a way of tossing and catching the notes that tantalized the ears as the flying balls of a juggler daze the eyes. The singer felt that success was assured as she struck into the yodel chorus of *The Mountain Maid*; Helen's eyes were a blaze of admiration and the banjo strings were responding to every turn and quiver of the leading voice, while the manager's face had lost its business expression and his eyes seemed to be searching among the rafters for the notes that went bouncing and spinning up.

The second song was finished; Lucile sat down and caressed her mouth with her handkerchief.

"Have you ever performed in public?" asked the manager.

"Oh, yes, we have just finished an engagement at Tony Pastor's, in New York." Lucile felt that Helen's truthful eyes were fixed reproachfully on her, but she resumed nonchalantly:

"We came abroad to rest but are willing to accept a short engagement."

What the manager thought will never be recorded. "What are your terms?" he said.

"You can make me an offer."

"Two hundred francs the performance, six nights," was the prompt reply; Monche, the human fly, had broken his leg the night before and here was a chance to fill his vacancy at half price.

"I accept," said Lucile quickly, fearing that the man might change his mind.

"*Entendu*, and now, mesdames, what are your costumes?"

"Costumes!" gasped Helen.

Lucile crushed her with a glance. "I dress as Pierrette," she replied, recalling a costume that had done service at a fancy dance.

"*Et madame, Pierrot*," concluded the manager. "*Parfait!* you will kindly give me your names and sign this contract."

Lucile took the proffered pen, stared an instant at the inkbottle, then dashed off the names, Maggie and Mary Brown.

The deed was done; they all rose and the manager bowed his visitors out, saying, "*Au revoir*, mesdames; Monday, at eight precise."

The girls fled into the Champs Elysées and sat down on the first bench; they were both hysterical.

"Monday!" ejaculated Lucile, "and to-day is Saturday."

"Lucile Rivers," said Helen solemnly, "you know that it will mean a divorce between Dave and me if this escapade ever gets out," and a great wave of compassion for her indulgent spouse flooded the blue eyes.

"You are a dear, good thing, Helen, but don't give way now at the critical moment. Just think of Italy and go ahead," and Lucile emphasized her advice with a firm march toward the Place de la Concorde. The intervening days were spent in furtive practice on all sorts of instruments, trying over new pieces.

CHAPTER II.

The Café Chantant, Les Ambassadeurs, stood amongst the green of the Champs Elysées like a huge piece of confectionery drawing swarms of human flies. Garlands of gas-jets outlined the roof and the four arched entrances, canvas walls veiled the interior light and movement without breaking the sound of the musical proceedings, while the large colored posters that announced the evening's attractions gave decorative dashes of red, blue and yellow to the fatherly barricades of shrubbery.

The mass that lacked either the inclination or the *sous* to pay for refreshments on the right side of the canvas, was as large as that which crowded the benches and encircled the tables in direct view of the stage. The outside spectators were lost in demi-obscurity, but inside all came under the flare of the gas-jets. There sat the shop girl with her best beau, the cobbler with his wife, the *roue* with a *demi-mondaine*, the tourist with his sister or his daughter, and in the front row, where nothing might obstruct the view, the voyaging parson and the woman lecturer, taking notes for future raids and tirades against sin at home and abroad.

The audience was just recovering its composure after the antics of a tall young man attired as a ballet girl, and the waiters were rushing here and there with brandy-cherries, bock-beers and Benedictions; a confusion of voices, rappings and changing of places filled the hall and tantalized the outsiders.

"What next, Bronson?" asked a gray-haired man of his blonde companion.

Bronson consulted his programme and read:

"*Les célèbres sœurs Américaines, Maggie et Mary Brown.*"

"Never heard of our celebrated compatriots," said the gray-beard. Just then the celebrities made their appearance.

Pierrette and Pierrot walked to the front of the stage and took up their positions, neglecting the customary bow to the attentive audience. Pierrot slunk into the chair awaiting him with a consciousness that his baggy trousers were denouncing his trembling legs, his painted lip quivered visibly, and the streaks of color that marked the expression of a grin utterly failed to dissimulate the woe-begone face. Pierrette was giving her entire attention to Pierrot.

"Begin," she said, and Pierrot obeyed.

The first notes of Clementine burst and strained upon the air as though the banjo was afflicted with the whooping-cough. But Pierrette's voice spread over them like a soothing syrup. The white kerchief on the flowered breast of her gown fluttered over the trills that escaped through her lips and seemed to fly to the top of her conical hat; the buckled shoes that capped the graceful red curves between them and the short skirt pointed into the chicken dance.

The audience was startled into silence, but only half won over. It was a critical moment and one spectator grasped the situation. The face of the gray-bearded man had rehearsed a pantomime during the minute and a half of stage performance. His first glance at the actors had quickened into an intense stare, then an angry red rushed up from under the beard and his bushy eyebrows sprang to meet each other. He shot an enquiring glance at his



THEY APPROACHED WITH SOME TIMIDITY.

companion, but Bronson's face was as innocent as that of a *coiffeur's* model; then the red flood subsided, leaving only an angry mist in the eyes.

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CHAPTER III.

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two faces, only grimy marks of tears that had been brushed off with dusty fingers in the process of packing, and the drooping figures bore sad record of sixteen hours' over-fatigue and worry. The trunks were all locked and strapped, and the tired workers sat down to await further orders.

"I must go out and cable Dave that I shall sail Saturday on La Gascogne," said Helen, trying to speak without crying.

"And I, where am I going?" sighed Lucile.

"To Italy, perhaps," replied Helen in an injured tone.

"More likely to America," grunted her companion.

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"And now, mesdames," he said, "show me what you can do."

Helen sat like a bundle of unstarched clothes in the middle of her chair, until Lucile's curt voice knocked her senses into place.

"Don't be a fool!" There was a hard glitter in Lucile's eyes, and the determined curve of the lips that Helen never resisted. A weak chord across the strings, then a reassuring one, and the frightened musician gripped her banjo in a brave resolution to do or die. The deep voice of the instrument seemed to lead off of its own accord into the music of the chicken dance, and then wandered back to the beginning of the song Clementine.

Lucile's voice trembled a little at the outset, but she was quick at tricks of expression and her nervousness became pathos in the story of the unlucky miner's daughter. She was master of the situation by the time the chorus was reached, and picked up her skirts for the chicken dance with an agility that meant triumph.

There was no gainsaying the charm of the voice. Helen had always insisted that Lucile was a musical juggler; she had a way of tossing and catching the notes that tantalized the ears as the flying balls of a juggler daze the eyes. The singer felt that success was assured as she struck into the yodel chorus of *The Mountain Maid*; Helen's eyes were a blaze of admiration and the banjo strings were responding to every turn and quiver of the leading voice, while the manager's face had lost its business expression and his eyes seemed to be searching among the rafters for the notes that went bouncing and spinning up.

The second song was finished; Lucile sat down and caressed her mouth with her handkerchief.

"Have you ever performed in public?" asked the manager.

"Oh, yes, we have just finished an engagement at Tony Pastor's, in New York." Lucile felt that Helen's truthful eyes were fixed reproachfully on her, but she resumed nonchalantly:

"We came abroad to rest but are willing to accept a short engagement."

What the manager thought will never be recorded. "What are your terms?" he said.

"You can make me an offer."

"Two hundred francs the performance, six nights," was the prompt reply; Monche, the human fly, had broken his leg the night before and here was a chance to fill his vacancy at half price.

"I accept," said Lucile quickly, fearing that the man might change his mind.

"Entendu, and now, mesdames, what are your costumes?"

"Costumes!" gasped Helen.

Lucile crushed her with a glance. "I dress as Pierrette," she replied, recalling a costume that had done service at a fancy dance.

"Et madame, Pierrot," concluded the manager. "Parfait! you will kindly give me your names and sign this contract."

Lucile took the proffered pen, stared an instant at the inkbottle, then dashed off the names, Maggie and Mary Brown.

The deed was done; they all rose and the manager bowed his visitors out, saying, "*Au revoir*, mesdames; Monday, at eight precise."

The girls fled into the Champs Elysées and sat down on the first bench; they were both hysterical.

"Monday!" ejaculated Lucile, "and to-day is Saturday."

"Lucile Rivers," said Helen solemnly, "you know that it will mean a divorce between Dave and me if this escapade ever gets out," and a great wave of compassion for her indulgent spouse flooded the blue eyes.

"You are a dear, good thing, He'en, but don't give way now at the critical moment. Just think of Italy and go ahead," and Lucile emphasized her advice with a firm march toward the Place de la Concorde. The intervening days were spent in furtive practice on all sorts of instruments, trying over new pieces.

CHAPTER II.

The Café Chantant, Les Ambassadeurs, stood amongst the green of the Champs Elysées like a huge piece of confectionery drawing swarms of human flies. Garlands of gas-jets outlined the roof and the four arched entrances, canvas walls veiled the interior light and movement without breaking the sound of the musical proceedings, while the large colored posters that announced the evening's attractions gave decorative dashes of red, blue and yellow to the farther barricades of shrubbery.

The mass that lacked either the inclination or the *sous* to pay for refreshments on the right side of the canvas, was as large as that which crowded the benches and encircled the tables in direct view of the stage. The outside spectators were lost in demi-obscurity, but inside all came under the flare of the gas-jets. There sat the shop girl with her best beau, the cobbler with his wife, the *roue* with a *demi-mondaine*, the tourist with his sister or his daughter, and in the front row, where nothing might obstruct the view, the voyaging parson and the woman lecturer, taking notes for future raids and tirades against sin at home and abroad.

The audience was just recovering its composure after the antics of a tall young man attired as a ballet girl, and the waiters were rushing here and there with brandy-cherries, bock beers and Benedictions; a confusion of voices, rappings and changing of places filled the hall and tantalized the outsiders.

"What next, Bronson?" asked a gray-haired man of his blonde companion.

Bronson consulted his programme and read:

"*Les célèbres sœurs Américaines, Maggie et Mary Brown.*"

"Never heard of our celebrated compatriots," said the gray-beard. Just then the celebrities made their appearance.

Pierrette and Pierrot walked to the front of the stage and took up their positions, neglecting the customary bow to the attentive audience. Pierrot slunk into the chair awaiting him with a consciousness that his baggy trousers were denouncing his trembling legs, his painted lip quivered visibly, and the streaks of color that marked the expression of a grin utterly failed to dissimulate the woe-begone face. Pierrette was giving her entire attention to Pierrot.

"Begin," she said, and Pierrot obeyed.

The first notes of Clementine burst and strained upon the air as though the banjo was afflicted with the whooping-cough. But Pierrette's voice spread over them like a soothing syrup. The white kerchief on the flowered breast of her gown fluttered over the trills that escaped through her lips and seemed to fly to the top of her conical hat; the buckled shoes that capped the graceful red curves between them and the short skirt pointed into the chicken dance.

The audience was startled into silence, but only half won over. It was a critical moment and one spectator grasped the situation. The face of the gray-bearded man had rehearsed a pantomime during the minute and a half of stage performance. His first glance at the actors had quickened into an intense stare, then an angry red rushed up from under the beard and his bushy eyebrows sprang to meet each other. He shot an enquiring glance at his



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BEFORE PARISIAN FOOTLIGHTS.

"AND WHEN THEY WERE IN VENICE THEY LAUGHED AS A GAY SCENE REMINDED THEM OF THEIR EXPERIENCE AS PIERROT AND PIERRETTE."

significations—and his advent just at their moment of triumph looked like a predestined punishment for their daring.

The decree of separation was the darkest spot in the calamity, and they were still expatiating upon the injustice of the sentence and squeezing out a few more tears when the door opened and Mr. Rawlings walked into the room. His face was purplish-red, a recognized sign of storm, and his eyebrows formed one ominous gray streak over the ridges in his forehead. He held a copy of *Le Figaro*, folded lengthwise, and handed it without comment to Lucile. Helen glanced over her companion's shoulder at the marked column and caught sight of the names "Mary and Maggie Brown." The big letters swam before her eyes, and a nervous sob that had been gathering at the base of her tongue burst out through her nose and mouth with a noise that resembled the plunge of a frog into a mill-pond. It struck on Lucile's overstrained nerves and set them vibrating like the strings of a banjo; her laughter and tears rolled out together and kept pace with Helen's sobs. Uncle George sat shaking in his chair, his teeth set in his under lip, but the force of emotion soon broke down that dyke to his feelings, and wave after wave of laughter flooded over and joined the general stream. The storm subsided, leaving the atmosphere comparatively clear.

"Young ladies," said Mr. Rawlings when he could steady his voice, "you see by the morning paper that the attention of all Paris is attracted to the celebrities Mary and Maggie Brown; we must leave the city at once or I shall be called into a lawsuit by the proprietor of Les Ambassadeurs. Lucile," he added, "I regret to tell you that Mr. Bronson witnessed your performance of last night. He arrived yesterday in Paris and came for the express purpose of asking your hand in marriage. I am not sure that he recognized you in your degraded character, and I sincerely hope that he did not."

"Bronson in Paris! at Les Ambassadeurs!" Lucile sprang up and then dropped back in her chair. The handsome, elegant Bronson, her cherished admirer, had seen her kick up her heels in the chicken dance! The thought was suffocating.

Mr. Rawlings turned to leave the apartment. "Have your trunks ready by three," he said.

"But where are we going?" ventured Lucile.

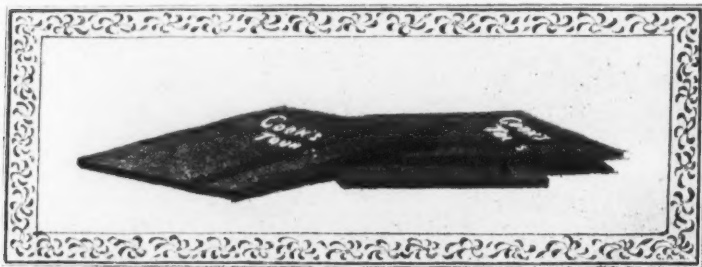
For answer her uncle drew from his pocket three little black books and threw them into her lap. "Cook's Tours" stood out in gilt letters on the back of each. Lucile snapped over one of the elastic bands and looked inside.

"Oh, Helen!" she cried.

"What?"

"Italy!"

And when they were in Venice they laughed as a gay scene reminded them of their experience as Pierrot and Pierrette.



The Burial of Tecumseh.

THE summer woods were tremulous for grief,
Uneasy thunder shook the lips of night,
As passed his warriors on with their dead chief,
Tecumseh, slain while midmost in his might.

No word they spake as down the leafy ways
Their moccasins fell swift; no tear was there
To grace the doleful time—no sign betrays
The measure of a stoical despair.

Six forest stoics bare the hero's corse
Until they came unto a mournful stream
Black-watered, and with neither sound nor force
To rudely break upon a dead man's dream.

They walled the stream with many a log and stone
And in the virgin floor they made a grave,
They made a yawning grave, so dark and lone
To hold the form of one so proud and brave.

Then looked each one his last and long farewell
On him who had renewed his nation's youth,
Whose deeds and eloquence had flung a spell
Of hope which promised fair to end in truth.

So there the stately Shawanoes in gloom
Hid their great chief; the stream rolled on again
To show no trace of that most kingly tomb
While princes die and kingdoms wax and wane.

To-night the stars swing their bright lamps above
And love to find them mirror'd where he lies,
The evening-star of that sad race who rove
No more light-hearted 'neath the northern skies.

WILLIAM T. ALLISON.

[NOTE.—It is an oft-related tradition around the Indian campfires that Tecumseh, the Great Chief, was buried in the manner related in these verses by Mr. Allison.—ED.]

The Failure of a Success.

THE lawyer ceased reading, laid down the document on the little table by the bedside, deliberately removed his spectacles, shot them into their leathern case, and looked enquiringly at his client.

"You will see," said the lawyer, "that I have drawn the will precisely as you instructed me to do yesterday."

The sick man did not remove his gaze from the ceiling, but lay as if deep in thought.

"Are you satisfied, or have you any change to suggest?" asked the lawyer.

"It is all right, I think," said the sick man. "Bayne is to get five hundred dollars—if he can be found in one year after my death. Isn't that it?"

"Yes, and if he cannot be located within a year the executors are to pay the money to your widow."

"I robbed Bayne. I hope you can find him."

"Your brother is to get twelve hundred dollars."

"Perhaps John will not speak so ill of me when he knows that I've returned the money to him with interest. I have been a hard man—but it was his wife, with her tongue, who made me do it. John and me were great friends until then. Poor John, poor old John! The money won't be much use to him now."

The lawyer said nothing.

"Well, I can die in comfort, if I must die. I am returning everything that I got unjustly—but, mind you, I broke no law. They have lied about me. I got nothing by fraud. I stole nothing. They had no writings to show, that was all, and I beat 'em in court. Then they whined and cursed me up hill and down. Perhaps when I'm gone and have given it back to them all, they'll think better of me."

"I'm sure they will. It will be necessary to sign this in the presence of witnesses," and the lawyer placed the will on a book before the sick man. "The doctors are in the next room. Shall I call them in?"

The patient nodded, and in the presence of the two doctors and the lawyer the "last will and testament" of Adam Cook was duly and properly signed and sealed. And then the lawyer retired and the doctors took the patient in hand. Adam Cook, the wealthy farmer and money-lender, had been crushed beneath a falling tree a few days before, and, to save his life if possible, the doctors were now about to amputate his right leg. The chances were ten to one against him. The family doctor affirmed that the operation would almost certainly hasten his death, but the other doctor said there was a chance of success, although he admitted that the chance was a slim one. Cook elected to go through the operation. He set his grim jaw and faced the ordeal. His life had been one of remorseless greed—he had defrauded the brother who trusted in him, and had fleeced every neighbor who had got into his toils. He had cared for no man's good-will, yet now on the edge of the valley he could not help looking back, and in his will he had made restitution to all those whom he had wronged. He hungered for human sympathy. He remembered that once men did not avoid him when they could, or greet him with a surly nod. Overwhelmed with loneliness and self-pity, he decided upon making a will that would show that he was not so bad a man as they had described him. He had been misunderstood, misjudged.

It is Christmas night. In the kitchen of a farmhouse there burns on the table a smoky lamp turned low. It is an old-fashioned home, and a wide fireplace holds a burning log that sullenly smokes and sputters. The half-light is sombre and disheartening. Elsewhere there is a world of gladness, of holiday festivities, of the giving and receiving of gifts and messages—a world alive with ringing bells, its atmosphere a-move with rustling wings and vocal with invisible choirs singing peace and love and fellowship. But this room is apart from the Christmas world. In it there is no sound save the metallic ticking of a clock on a shelf, with now and then a muttered complaint from the burning log in the fire-place.

In a great arm-chair within reach of the table and convenient to the hearth, a man is seated.

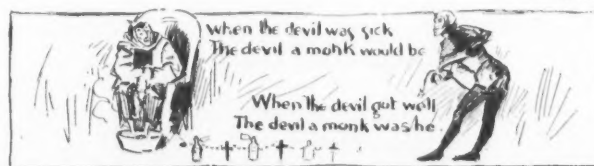
He reaches out his hand and turns up the light. On the corner of the table reposes a large, fat envelope. He picks this up and draws from it a document bearing a big red seal. He unfolds and reads this. Then he reads it again, pausing every few moments to digest its meaning and to frame an unpleasant smile.

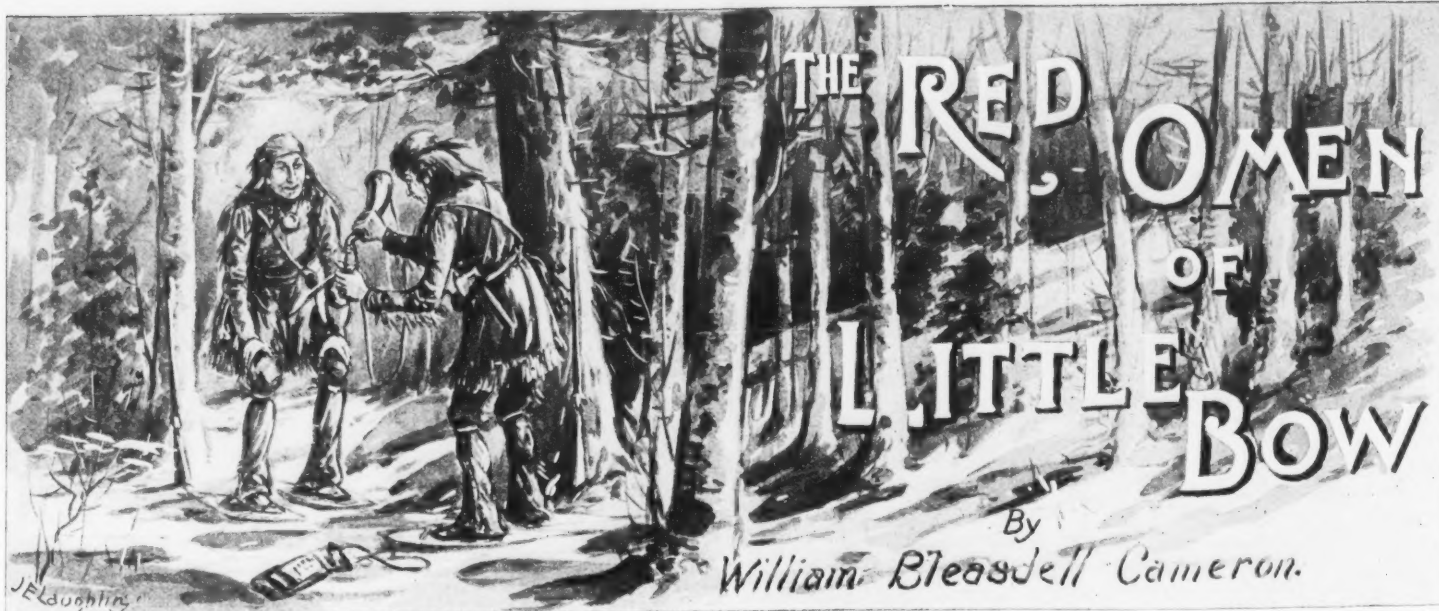
At last he folds the document up, places it in its envelope, and gazes long and dreamily into the fire.

Rousing himself after a time he attempts to rise, but one leg having been amputated near the hip, he falls back into his chair again. With an impatient snort he grasps a crutch that leans against the table, and placing the big fat envelope with its contents on the head of the crutch, reaches out and drops it fairly in the fire, and watches the eager flames seize upon it and burn it up. Then with the arm of his crutch he pounds its ashes, rakes and mixes the coals over the spot, and settles in his chair for a quiet doze.

The doctors said that the operation on Adam Cook was a success—but God knows whether it was a success, or a failure complete and eternal.

MACK.





As who pursued with yell and blow
Still treads the shadow of his foe.
—COLERIDGE.

THE SEER.

IT was the Moon of Storm. Graybeard winter held an iron clutch on the fastnesses of the Far North. On wood and butte and deep in the valley of the Swift Water spread the folds of his smooth, spotless drapery. Thick in the air, glistening like particles of tempered steel, floated his icy breath. Low in the afternoon sky, gleaming one on either side of their celestial master like burnished helmets, the yellow "sun-dogs" spoke warningly to the anxious wayfarer of the presence of that keen Arctic blade, the lethal power of whose insidious touch is how often truly felt only when, like the point of a glittering rapier, it pricks the heart!

Ravaging dogs fought fiercely over the naked buffalo bones scattered about the camp—furnishing their last table. The bale of dried meat had gone the way of all edible flesh. Before the lodge doorway was flung, as a mat, the empty hide pemmican-bag. And the bead-eyed warriors and wives to be of Chief Chakastappaysin's band wept sorely and aloud, because it was so cold, and because they had nothing to eat.

Then the genius of Little Bow was invoked, and he set up his conjurer's tent.

Little Bow was a Cree Indian. Far down beside the strong, silent-flowing Swift Water, among stately spruce and giant cotton-woods with long, extended, gray arms reaching out into the night like gaunt witches, lay the village of Chief Chakastappaysin: and such allegiance as he might be supposed to bear, Little Bow owed to Chief Chakastappaysin, for he was of his band.

A sagacious redskin was this Little Bow, and deep in the dark art of the necromancer. Terrible was the dread born in the breast of a tawny-visaged brother in that fell hour when, through dire mischance or the machinations of his imp of perverseness, he had the evil fortune to cross the way of the pleasure of Little Bow. Potent, ah! very potent was that invisible "medicine," administered no one might tell how, but the effects of which were seen all too plainly in more than one of the members of Chief Chakastappaysin's band. The growth of short, wiry back hair with its intolerable, inturning, itching points clawing the skin. The palsied, pain-racked or shriveled limb. The twisted mouth and the cruel, ever-ingrowing nail imbedded in the hot, throbbing flesh of the toe or finger! He shuddered involuntarily as his mind recurred to these things, and muttered under his breath:

"Eigh! Eigh! Sunagun! sunagun!"

But the wizard spell of the conjurer was not alone mighty as an instrument for the infliction of revengeful torment; and now as he sat alone within his little, straight, parchment medicine-tent, shaken violently with the rustle as of autumn leaves by some unseen force, chanting his weird incantation to the measured sound of the rattle in his hand, with the night wind soughing in plaintive unison through the pine tops overhead—the prophetic vision was upon him!

Early the next morning the camp "pitched off." Ahead marched Little Bow, setting the course. The brisk pace impelled by the crisp morning air sent the blood pulsing warmly through the veins of his expectant followers, lending fresh vigor to their pinched frames. The sun, if it imparted no perceptible heat, at least shone brightly, and visions of generous haunches and choice browed ribs of smoking venison fell across their way.

In the heart of the forest Little Bow faced about.

"This is the spot," he said solemnly, "where the Strong Spirits have shown me the food which shall step between you and the evil shape of hunger. On the lowest limb of this tall tree I hang my medicine-bag. Now to the hunt. Each hunter will take a different course—I myself this. When the sun dips, here, under the charmed rattle, we will meet again. May each hunter bow under the weight of the swift-hoofed courser of the wood which the Strong

Spirits cause his bullets to overtake! For my own work—for pleading for you with the Strong Spirits—half only of what you kill shall be mine. *How! Macha!*"

The hunters vanished; and the women, moving to an open space near, unpacked the camp paraphernalia from the trailing travails fixed on the backs of the dogs, and put up the tents.

"When I come, I will bring a pair of deer's eyes to speak for me," slyly laughed Running Elk, a stalwart young hunter, to his blushing fiancée, Sweet Grass, as he swung his rifle over his shoulder and disappeared among the trees.

A PLOT.

The first to return to the invested spruce that afternoon was Running Elk. Put-The-Fire-Out, a twin branch of mischief and inquisitiveness, came with him. Was the reason to be discovered in that subtle attraction which can only be likened to that which a hidden point in the North has for the magnetic needle? Yes; so it must have been. For Running Elk had a Sweet Grass and a sweetheart. Put-The-Fire-Out also had, deep under the bedded mirror-pocket on his breast, a secret, consuming passion. It was for the young, dark-eyed wife of Little Bow. Ah! though the North is cold, love is ever warm.

They seated themselves on the trunk of a fallen tree, and with the characteristic even complacency with which the red man accepts at the hands of



"I WILL BRING A PAIR OF DEER'S EYES TO SPEAK FOR ME."

fickle Fortune offer her gifts or her denials, discussed the small affairs of their social world as they smoked. And ever and again the light of each stole covertly upward until they rested upon the magic rattle!

Presently Running Elk said: "I would give a beaded shirt Put-The-Fire-Out, to show what that rattle holds. You say you are a brave man. Last night at the Dance in the Moon of Leaves, you endured torture. Now that you are brave—pull down the rattle and open it!"

To touch that rattle were no light matter; so thought Put-The-Fire-Out. It might not follow to the rash, the insensate mortal having hardhood sufficient to do it? A hundred grim possibilities stalked in review before his mortal eye. At night, when Little Bow was in the mood to exhibit his magic power and his whim was further to enhance his already awesome prestige, the fire in the center of his large tent having been kindled, and his guests seated around against the lodge-poles appeared, just as the instantial darkness of some other world, his wild, creepy chant woke the echoes of the long, shivering forest, startling the timid hare till the soft fur upon its back stood up like pine needles as it sped madly away in a trail of mist-like snow. And behind, within the mysterious little skin rattle, roughly shaken in his hand, sparks of fire danced before the eyes of his bewildered fellow tribesmen. A wonder of rattle, really; and a wonderful conjurer. Certain no other Indian man, before or since, ever possessed so transcendent a charm!

The Put-The-Fire-Out thought of the wife of Little Bow, and of other things, and at length he guardedly answered:

"To be brave and to be a fool are different. You dare me, but I know what you yourself will not do. Braves deal in the things of this earth, not with the weapons of the Spirit. To be brave is to be strong in the usual way, to be first in the fight, to steal in the darkness within the circle of sleeping enemies' tents and there to do what you will. You take down the magic rattle."

"I will tell you what I do do," returned Running Elk after a pause, a reckless light in his eyes. "I will take the rattle down if you will open it."

Nothing comes between the promptings of burning curiosity on the one hand and the restraining influence of fear on the other, like a challenge. The added weight which brings down the balance. Fear is on the lighter side and goes up. Beside, there was Little Bow's wife, and as Put-The-Fire-Out thought of her again he said curtly:

"Take down the rattle!"

The charmed pouch was opened. For an instant the two peering down into it, a smile succeeded, and then as by a common impulse they looked up at one another and drew their hands away. Its wonderful contents consisted of three, four-hunts and a bit of seal.

"Lend me your powder-horn, Put-The-Fire-Out," said Running Elk. "Mine is almost empty."

He pulled out the wooden plug in the small end of the horn, was the action symbolical?—and transferred a great handful of the powder to the pouch of the rattle.

"Now," he continued in a tone of inward satisfaction, "I will play my pinto pony to a beautiful gallop, the people see more sparks dance within the magic rattle at the Dance to-night than they ever did before."

"Yes," answered Put-The-Fire-Out, chuckling grimly as he took the bag carefully and hung it to his arm by its limb, "and—so—will—this—rattle!"

THE OMEN.

As the great darkness of the Northern night fell upon the camp, black kettles hung burning over bright, crackling fires. The air was heavy and mingled with the fragrant odor of the pines through which paths of pungent smoke, where narrow bones sputtered and hissed, and glowing coals. The hunters, stretched in the pleasant glow, laughed and talked as they went over again the incidents of the day, awaiting the summons to the feast which Little Bow would give according to his custom at the close of a goodly hunt.

Sweet Grass bending over a bubbling kettle smiled in happiness at the whispered compliments of Running Elk, while her white teeth glittered in the firelight and her dimpled, tawny cheeks took a deeper shade as a blush came tumbling up from her heart.

A crier went through the camp, and in a moment the hunters were seated around the banquet-board—the floor of the tent being empty. Running Elk and Put-The-Fire-Out were not at the feast. They had not killed anything. The space within the enchanted precincts of the tent was in keeping with the ground it enclosed, limited; and there were elder if not better hunters to fit the places which might have accommodated Running Elk and Put-The-Fire-Out.

But the twain sat, their blankets drawn about their faces, looking attentively, from a distance, at the open doorway to the carnival; and the eyes of the one shone with a certain fierce, exultant light as he watched the rounded, graceful form of the conjurer's girl-wife moving up and down before the feasters.

The heap of smoking venison before each rapidly sank under the onslaught made upon it at a signal; but man cannot eat forever, no matter how famished, and at length they were sated. Then Little Bow commanded the fire to be "slacked," and took up the wonderful rattle.

Low and softly at first came the weird minor strain; gently and then the rattle marked the time. The now silent feasters sat, their backs against the leathern circle of the tent; their eyes fixed fervidly upon the rattle. Higher and higher rose the chant; swifter and more decided sounded the beat of the measure. Now the conjurer leant forward, his body swaying from side to side with a quick, jerking motion, his eyes flashing fiercely, his features set and

drawn. His notes swelled—shriller, more piercing—and flew away through the reverberating blackness till lost in faint echoes in the silent forest; the rattle fairly spun before his face as it rang out the time.

"Bouff!"

Fire blazed in the eyes of the hunters; smoke filled their nostrils and shut up each in a small, murky cell of his own. "It is a Thunder—it is a Bird of Thunder come to destroy us!" they shrieked, hurling themselves at the doorway, trampling one another in their frantic rush to escape!

"Nee-way-ay-ay-ay!" they have played me a trick!" howled the voice of Little Bow, in pain and fury, as he wrung his blistered and bleeding hands pressed them hard into his sightless, burning eyes!

None dared approach his tent again that night; but next morning, when the sun came up, they ventured near and looked in. Little Bow was gone—gone out into the night—into that deadly, awful cold, to convey any conception of which words are hollow sounds, impotent, with his red, dripping fingers and his staring, white eyeballs!

The wall of his lodge—drawn in blood, now thick and frozen—were two pictures that they seemed to the casual glance, but a close and steady view revealed the fearful, the unearthly perfection of their detail and execution. One was a man, his eyes straining from their sockets, his skull behind a horrible, sardonic grin overreaching his dark, copper features, which upon his back upon a dull, red fire.

When he found Put-The-Fire-Out next spring, three days' journey from the camp, he had been making the round of his bear-traps—alone. Twin-Heart, the girl-wife of Little Bow, had been with him, one rose and fled into the woods with a shriek of her approach. She was naked and staring mad.

There was a drawing of a bull, charging madly, head on, across a small glade bordered by heavy timber. At the farther side ran a narrow, rocky canyon, a high sheer wall cutting the level. Below, through broken masses of slag scattered in its jagged iron bed, surged and raced a turbulent stream, throwing up something fountains of fine spray, till it turned under the toe of a jutting crag and, as it seemed, with a sullen roar which could be distinctly heard, disappeared into the deep throat of a subterranean gorge, an unfathomable black hole!

In the broad, powerful neck of the running elk hung what seemed like a huge lynx or panther. His glaring eyeballs were set with a fascinating intensity upon those of the bull, which blazed wide open with terror. His glistening fangs were fastened in the throat of the poor, frenzied brute, from whose nostrils and which were sunk his terrible, steel-like claws, the blood streamed down.

And underneath all, its point reddened with the artist's dreadful paint, lay the magic rattle of the magic-rattle!

What is the end of that horrible tale? Would mortal ever find escape from it to the Happy Hunting Ground?

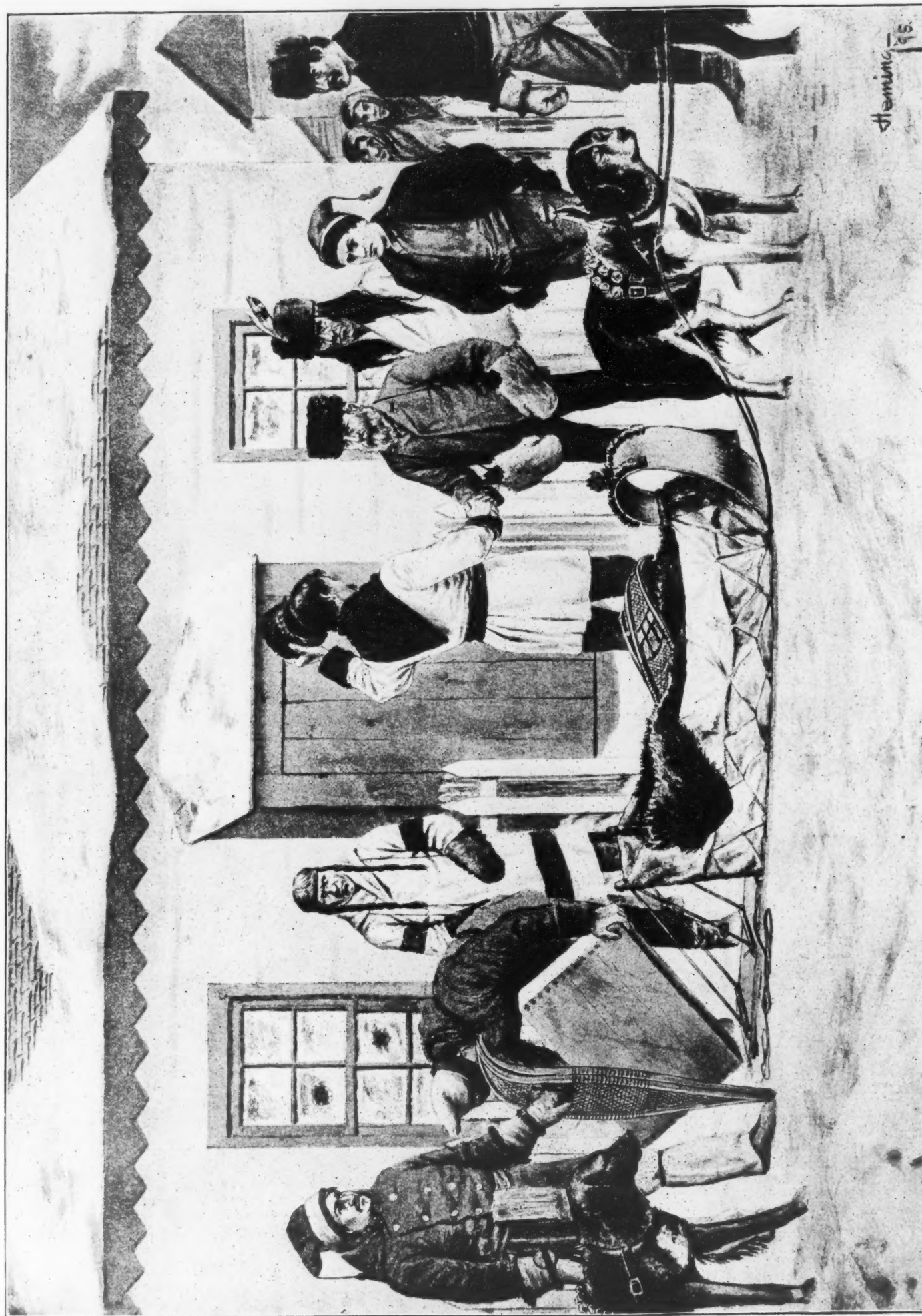
These are the thoughts, harrowing, tireless, slowly weaving into the very web of Running Elk's life. Years have passed over his head. In the camp he is counted out in whispers as "The Old One of the Seal of Doom." His long, once raven-black hair streaked with white, his face is lined with many a deep, bitter frown, and his eyes, which shine with a singular brightness, there are no longer a hunter's eyes.

And the question which will not die in his mind as he hurries in painful haste homeward at dusk through the sombre forest, glancing with pathetic anxiousness to the right and left and behind him and starting at the rustle of a squirrel, while his thoughts speed before to Sweet Grass and his little ones, or in the mind of the still, lonely squaw, pressing her babe closer to her breast and drawing nearer to the friendly fire with a graceful boy and a little girl hanging on her skirt, as she watches the fantastic shadows leaping among the trunks of the staid, encircling pines, finds a sharp, wrenching breath in the heart of each which passes but like a ghost between trembling lips:

"Where—is—Little—Bow?"

The Postmen of the North.

THE full-page wash-drawing by Mr. A. M. H. Heming, reproduced in this number, and entitled "The Postmen of the North," was sketched from life by the artist. The Mackenzie River mail has just arrived at Lac la Biche after having been carried eight hundred miles by dog train. For weeks the postmen have been in exile from the settlements and forts away north on the Mackenzie River, calling at every little post along their path, leaving letters and taking charge of others, always pressing southward, until at last they have reached Lac la Biche. The long ordeal is past. Far south lies Edmonton, a railway terminus, but the trail to that place is straight and well traveled. SATURDAY NIGHT'S CHRISTMAS has never encouraged the erroneous impression which prevails in Great Britain and Europe that Canada is a land of everlasting frost and snow. Some minor Christmas publications have done Canada incalculable harm by issuing picture-books full of blizzards and vast sheets of ice and snow. When such a book is sent abroad it conveys the impression that Canada has a climate similar to that of the polar regions. Europeans who have lived in Canada know that we have a delightful climate, warm for eight months of the year, cold for four, but enjoyable always. In publishing Mr. Heming's picture we hope to interest readers at home and abroad in the great North land of ours. Edmonton, a terminus of a branch of the Canadian Pacific Railway, is two thousand three hundred miles north and west of Toronto; Lac la Biche is one hundred and fifty miles north of Edmonton, and the postmen with their dog train have just arrived from a point on the Mackenzie River, eighteen hundred miles still further north and west.



THE POSTMEN OF THE NORTH.

Drawn from life by Arthur H. H. Heming.

See page 13.



THE AMBER DROP

By the Marquis of Lorne

THE steamer *Cygne* certainly started very early from Neufchatel to Estavayer.

After mountain climbing most people prepared to rest in the excellent Hotel Bellevue, and there were few who left by the boat for a place which was picturesque, but afforded no especial attraction to the ordinary tourist.

At the evening *table d'hôte* the frozen reserve of the English hotel guests usually gave way to the extent of allowing them to confide in each other what excursions they had respectively made during the day.

To be sure this never took place if there had been on any given evening a large influx of new-comers. These always eyed each other in a spirit of cold criticism on the first meeting at dinner, but on the second and third evening they usually, to some extent, found that they could use their tongues as well as their teeth.

But there was an exception in the person of a decidedly handsome dark lady, who dressed exceedingly well, had a clear-cut, straight profile, black abundant hair, well marked eyebrows, regular features, and blue eyes—unusually blue for such dark hair. Her complexion was good but very pale, and she never spoke, as far as I could see, to anyone.

Like myself, she had apparently come for rest and quiet. Certainly the quiet seemed much beloved by her. Only to the servants did she ever say a word, and these, cheery little Bernese housemaids, said that she was very kind to them, and that she had one of the best rooms on the first floor looking out on the lake.

I had, indeed, seen her at the window of this room gazing out over the waters, whose color I used irreverently to compare to a turquoise turned rather green by ill-advised soap-washing. Her eyes were bent with an absent look in them (for I am ashamed to say I turned a field-glass that I had in my pocket in her direction) on the further shore, which loomed in cloud shadow over a white line at its base, stretching with pallid gleam along the green-blue lake.

The sky was full of variously-lit masses of vapor, and under them, in the distance, gleamed in strange broken and ragged and awful shapes the Bernese Alps, sometimes lifting gloomy crags against a lighter heaven, sometimes standing out with startling distinctness in rifted perpendicular divisions, that in places were regular as organ pipes, at other times again shimmering with snow, and scarred with rocks whose whitened skeletons shone in the illuminated recesses of cloud caverns that in another moment entombed them from sight.

My glass had been used to observe the distant natural

beauties, and not the nearer human beauty. Indeed, I am not a too inquisitive mortal, but retirement and seclusion always provoke pursuit and enquiry. I could not help being curious about this silent, lonely and handsome woman.

Her figure was too slight and her features too unmarked to let me believe she was more than, say, thirty years of age, but she had an odd look of pain and anxiety in the eyes at times, and she seemed nervous, for she often twisted her white hands together in a way that did not speak of a contented spirit.

September had already begun to break in on the heat of summer. Vague veils of rain drew slowly athwart the landscape. Winds made the lake's waves speak unceasingly in splashing and regular murmur along the shores.

The hotel had become only sparsely populated. English people traveling homewards, and a stray American family alighting for a day at the end of their hasty inspection of Europe, made the evening *table d'hôte* not altogether dreary; but the first warnings of winter came to these latter just before October, and the signs were present.

Why did this silent lady amuse herself by staying here? For here she had been for over a month. What was she now thinking of as she stood at that window, as the soothing splash of the waves fall on the cooling autumnal air, and the swallows twitter as they crowded in long lines under the cornices of buildings, and on telegraph lines, or anywhere where they could talk of their coming departure, and gave forth the sounds that told of the season's change?

What business of mine was it to enquire? How ungentlemanlike! Such curiosity leads to all sorts of unwarrantable actions. I ought to be ashamed of myself. There! I won't look at her any more. I must try some day, before or after dinner, to give her a paper, or pick up her handkerchief, or hand her flowers, or recommend a new wine, or do something that would let me form an opinion as to who and what she was.

Why? I don't know. I was an idle man for the moment, and she seemed an idle woman. Like meets like. Why should I not know who my fellow holiday-maker was? It was unnatural not to ask. Such callousness would show a want of human sympathy. But did she need my sympathy? Bah! Bah! Never mind. Deuce take it—why should one bother oneself in asking foolish questions about goodness knows whom?

But what did the hotel book say? The hotel book said "Miss Nelson and maid, London."

Miss Nelson might be anybody—most common name—and yet she did not look at all common. Usually dressed (and how well she dressed) in dark colors, she wore, as an anchor for a little watch she used, a beautiful large transparent amber bead or little egg-shaped piece of that lovely material, of a deep jacinth hue. It was like amber that had been formed in heat that had given it a deeper tint than is usual, and this beautiful drop burnt in her dark dress, like a bit of fiery gold. "Sea-gold" the ancients are said to have called amber. Sea-gold, held by the gray cold waves of the Baltic, and fished up and taken south, perhaps up the Rhine to this very Switzerland or across Europe to what is now Trieste, down to Byzantium and Rome. A big pearl of sea-gold, better than the pretty white lacker with which oysters conceal their defects, and which we string in rows and buy at fabulous prices.

This ornament—the sole ornament she wore—this flaming drop of amber on her breast had, when I first saw her, attracted my eye, and I had mentally called Miss Nelson "the Amber Beauty."

She had not dined every day at the hotel. On half of the days of the week, at least, she was absent. As my curiosity about her increased, I was ashamed to find myself watching to see what her maid was like. One of the housemaids told me that she was an elderly but active German. Would it be wrong to ask her questions about her mistress? Stupid fool I was to think of such things. I must take to some occupation that would prevent me from thinking of such things, elderly fool that I was. Yes; even now that I write I become quite absent, and go on speaking of her appearance and of my thoughts of her looks, most unnecessarily. She leads me away from the main thread of my brief journalistic narrative. Where was I? Oh, yes, at the starting of the *Cygne*, which leaves so early in the morning.

Well, one morning the sun shone in so brightly that I awoke much earlier than usual, and going to my window, opened it, enjoying the freshness of the dawn. I sat and waited, reading and writing, and looking on the sparkling waters, until a steamer came into the little port below me, full of people bringing baskets of fish, and eggs, and plums and grapes, and jars of milk and honey. These peasant merchants, disembarking, formed animated groups, and I took up my field-glass to look at them and observe the character of the vendors and of their goods. Presently, wending her way among the groups to the *Cygne*, soon about to start, I saw my lady of the amber bead. She was alone, and had a light leather holder or bag slung over her shoulder. What could she be doing? Making an excursion only, apparently, for she was evidently only equipped for a day's expedition. She soon sat down on one of the seats under the awning aft, and as I looked at her the steamer started, and she took a field-glass from her wallet and looked towards the hotel; and I confess to have felt myself blush like a child as I shut my window, for I was not yet in drawing-room costume, and turned into my room, and when I looked again the little vessel had gone.

It was a boat that called at other places besides Estavayer, which was only the terminus of her voyage. She would be back again in the afternoon, and I thought I would wait about and see if my amber lady returned the way she went. But this shutting the window caused me to question myself as to whether a disengaged lawyer on his vacation should bother his head about anyone who was not a client. What was I?

Why, that was a question easily enough answered, of course. I was a solicitor—the hearts of solicitors are naturally centered in other people's affairs.

They think of nothing else. Their own concerns are often left with a noble magnanimity to take care of themselves. It is of their clients they think in the sleepless night hours. It was this habit of mine which led me to think of this lady's affairs.

Besides, she might some day become a client. Yes, if I made her acquaintance. I was sufficiently assured of the paternal respectability of my appearance. To be sure, I felt as foolish in some ways, which need not be particularized, as I did when I was a mere youth. A man never is older than he feels himself to be. I was then for my own purposes young enough; but for the purpose of inspiring confidence in clients, I believe I looked professionally aged enough. I wore gold-framed glasses, I know, entirely for the look of the thing, for I could see quite well; but I wore them because I found it impressed clients, and I had got quite accustomed to putting them on my nose in the most orthodox manner before I addressed people or answered them. Like a woman, a "pince-nez" always is as old as it looks. On the whole I felt that I had a species of professional right, altogether apart from the warmth of heart known to be my specialty, to take interest in anybody I met, male or female.

But a family solicitor is discreet. I saw my lady was discreet, and would appreciate discretion. Therefore I would go quietly about my enterprise and do nothing to annoy her, as the Irishman said to his landlady when he declared, at the same time, that as her tenant he felt himself obliged to shoot her husband. Not only would I do nothing to annoy her, but I must take care not to bore her. How can you best interest a person in your interest in them? Probably by showing that you can be helpful. But to show you can be helpful, you must have some idea what the desires, aspirations and occupations are in which you may possibly be of assistance.

So I was fully justified in discreetly, as an experienced solicitor, finding out what the desires were. I was bent on aiding "to the best of my power," as old letters say before the signature. So I longed to write to my lady, "Your friend to my power, F. N. Axme, of the firm of J. L. W. Truble & Co., solicitors."

Yes, I could say so much of myself and firm without indiscretion.

I now rang for hot water. The maid brought it.

"Have not some people left by the early boat?"

"No—yes. I think one young English lady."

"Has her servant not gone also?"

"No, she remains at home."

"Take this two-franc piece, and ask her when her mistress returns."

She was gone and came again, saying that the lady would come back from Estavayer at 4.30 p.m. That was then the place she had gone to.

When the boat reappeared in the afternoon I was on the quay, and made some apparent negligent enquiries of the captain, and turning around offered, with a bow, to carry to the hotel close by the wallet that Miss Nelson brought back, which looked heavy. She at first graciously declined, but on my persisting with a paternal persistence, reconsidered her determination. "It is not far, but as you are so good as to make the offer, I thank you."

So I took the wallet, which was not really heavy, but appeared to have stones inside it. But the ice between us was broken, and I felt I might take another step in our acquaintance with safety another time. She asked me to give the bag to a porter. I did so. I walked back with her the few paces that separated the quay from the hotel.

"I have been out sketching," she said.

I said nothing except that I hoped some day I might have the honor of seeing some of her work.

"Oh, they are hardly worth looking at," she said, quickly and modestly.

I put on my most paternal look and adjusted my gold-rimmed spectacles, and we entered the hotel. I thought the bag felt very heavy for a mere receptacle of sketching materials. People don't sketch entirely with heavy lead paints.

CHAPTER II.

There is nothing so advisable as the rapid following up of any advantage you may have gained. "*Frappez fort et frappez vite*," I remembered as a military motto, and although a solicitor I always persuaded myself that there was much of the military element in my character. If I had not turned lawyer I am sure I would have been long ago killed in some action where the enemy, crushed and flying, only succeeded in destroying the best thing in the victorious army—namely, myself.

Yes, I lost no time. Dinner was to be ready soon after we had got back. I was down early and took a place near the amber beauty's seat.

Soup came—crawfish soup, very good; fish came—trout—pretty well, sauce the best part of it; then a huge dish of carrots, beans and beef slices, rather underdone; *volaille*—excellent.

There she was, advancing from the door. She sat down with a positively friendly inclination of the head towards me. I put down my eyeglasses and beamed.

I attacked at once, and found out a great deal hitherto unknown. She had friends in Neufchâtel. Yes, that explained to me why she was so independent of the society of others at the hotel. She loved sketching excursions. The people she knew here had been staying for some time, for the sake of health. I could not find out anything further that was of interest to me, for the rest of the talk was not of herself, but only Swiss up and down talk—how long it took to go up there or down here; of the food at other places being not nearly so good as here; that the so-called honey was nothing but glycerine colored with some stuff; on which I said that, whatever it was, it looked very nice, and the



SHE TOOK A FIELD GLASS.

color was almost that of the lovely amber bead she wore. At this she said the drop was a great treasure, and that it came from near this.

The landlord interrupted us here, for, with his usual courtesy, he enquired of each of us what we had been doing, and smilingly apologized for the equinox which must soon disturb the weather. With the same happy smile he told us of a dreadful coach accident, but only the English lady had been killed; and I am ashamed to say that as we did not know her we continued to share in the

Swiss bliss that the kindly landlord's attention spread abroad like sunshine as he stood behind each of us in turn and poured over our heads the oil of benevolent enquiry and remark.

But I noticed one thing, and that was the quick way in which my lady affirmed that she had been sketching at Estavayer. Afterwards, when the ladies went to the *salon* and most of the men to the smoking-room, the landlord told me that mademoiselle with whom I was speaking sometimes

remained out sketching so long that she had to put up with the inferior accommodation at the little towns near which she had made her study, but that her German maid was never disquieted on that account. "Had she not invalid friends somewhere?" I asked. Yes, in the old hotel, the Falcon, and their presence was the reason that she often did not dine here. It was certain, he believed, that she was engaged to a young gentleman who was at the Falcon, but only went out in fine weather and was delicate.

I thanked him and smoked in silence. Of course she must be engaged. Yes, and I will still continue to take an interest, a paternal interest, although her thoughts must, of course, be too much at the Falcon to be very good company at the Bellevue.

The weather improved, and a brilliant day followed this dinner at which I had received as much mental as bodily food. Of course, everybody knows the position of Neufchatel. Handsome houses on handsome quays along the blue lake fringing a mile of shore. Immediately behind an old church with spires, itself part of a picturesquely crowned castle, whose red-tiled roofs are imitated below by humble dwellings of the old town, huddled together on the steep approach to the complicated buildings that served as a provincial fortress above them. Behind this ancient strength and modern town the hills rise abruptly, covered for a short distance with vineyards, and then walnut trees, and then pines and firs, that crest also the long ridges, two or three thousand feet high, that dominate the tamer scenery of the rest of the shores of the lake.

Exercise is a thing I love; especially exercise up a hill when there is a smooth road under one's feet and occasional convenient seats. I never was an Alpine climber. I like views to have foregrounds, as I once told Miss Nelson. I always tell my friends who are so proud of the prehensile powers of their little fingers and toes, in getting them around nasty corners above precipices, that they should employ their talents in London by climbing up the water-pipes of their houses, and sitting astride of the chimney cans on their roofs. I walked on this day my usual pace, up the smooth roads between the terraced villa walls, over which hung the trailers of virginia creeper, growing scarlet in streaks of autumnal decay. At one place I felt myself getting too autumnal in heightened color and noisy breath, and stopped to admire the line of the Alps which rose over the undulations of the Fribourg canton in their far stretching line of phantom snow peaks.

Immediately below the roadside stone coping on which I seated myself was a little restaurant embosomed in shrubs, and having a chalet and garden, where people were resting and drinking. I could only see a few of the figures in the little terraced garden, so thick were the leaves close to me, but calls for girl waiters, and the appearance every now and then of picturesquely attired girls with trays for beer and wine, made a cheerful subdued sound rise to me from the foliage beneath.

From a shingle-roofed summer-house, apart from the rest of the garden and only a few feet from me, presently I heard an Englishman's voice.

"Ah, dear Margaret" it said, "you are too hopeful. But it would be selfish in me to say more than that. You have twice the amount of life in you that I have. I often think you should not be hampered by me—that I am dragging you down with me by my ill-health, and I fear sometimes by my petulance."

Then a voice I knew—none other than that of Miss Nelson—startled me, and I heard her say:

"Edward, you have talked that nonsense before, and I have told you I forgive you only because you are not so well as usual just now. You say that I am too fanciful in hoping. Why, it is you who are too fanciful in imagining all sorts of evil for yourself. You know that the poorer you are, the more feeble you are, the more it is my right and duty to take care of you. But you are picking up. You never could have come so far as this pretty restaurant a little while ago. You will soon be as strong as I, and do far more to get money."

"No," answered the man's voice. "You deceive yourself, but you can't deceive me. I have no right to impose my wretched life with its bad health on you, who are so strong, so able to enjoy life."

A pause ensued, and then in the most earnest tone I ever heard human tones assume, Miss Nelson replied:

"Surely we have had enough of this. You know that I live in you, that without you life is nothing to me. Do not distress me by such words if you indeed care for me. Let us speak of other things. The future is in God's hands. Let me tell you of my last expedition. Do look at me, Edward; let me take your hand, and promise me you will not be so morbid, so terribly unkind again."

There was another pause, and then he said:

"Well, dearest, as you wish. We will wait and see what God sends us. Let me hear of your doings. They are, I know, quite vain expectations, but if they amuse you all is well."

"I have not told you yet, Edward, that besides writing a novel which is to bring us in at least I don't know how many scores of pounds—we won't say hundreds—each, I have been dreaming such a wonderful dream. I dreamed that an antiquity seller whom I know here went with me to a place on the shore of the lake, where the ancient people lived on timber rafts lifted on piles above the water, and that we dug and found a great treasure; for the lake has receded, and what was water is now dry land. Of course part of the dream was natural enough, for I did really visit the antiquity seller, such an enthusiastic, charming man, and he told me all about his digging, and that the height of the water is not now what it was. But then he said he had never found anything but bronze and stone things, and only two little earrings of gold. But in my dream I saw a certain place as clearly as I see you, and although I have been once with him, I could not find it, but I did find the amber you have admired so much, and I would not tell you where I got it, wishing some day to

take you and show you how we could get more. And do you know, I do believe to some extent in dreams, and I am going again, and when I see the place I saw in my dream I mean to dig and find my treasure. Now would it not amuse you to come with me?"

"My dear, I knew you as imaginative, but how can you talk such nonsense!" he replied. "First of all, first and foremost, almost all the antiquities got here are made at Constance, some in Birmingham, others by clever fellows here who imitate the real old things so well that you can't know the real from the false. They are perfectly worthless except when authenticated, and then only fetch a few pounds if bought for a museum collection. Really, Margaret, how can you be so absurd!"

"Never mind," she replied cheerfully, "we will go some fine day and have such fun. Last time I went there I found this bead. We got peasants to dig, oh, ever so deep, and we came upon no end of piles where the stakes were that supported the villagers' old platforms, and there this lovely thing lay amid the clay, and just escaped being broken by one of the shovels. Of course I am imaginative. What is life without imagination?" she continued, with what seemed to me a rather forced attempt at gaiety. "At all events, as you say, it can do no harm, and I want to sketch the old town near the place where we dug and got the bead and some stone axes; so I shall not have my journey in vain, even if we find nothing."

"I fear I must leave you to your imagination, my dear," said the invalid, "for what is to happen if we get sudden rain and this odious cough of mine begins?"

"Oh, there is a capital little inn, where one can get a room as comfortable as at the Falcon, and you would not go without your servant, and I shall have another with my maid; and we will have a regular treasure-seeking campaign, and you shall write and I will paint, and we shall not waste the time."

"Yes, dearest, you go, but I—no, I have not the spirits for it. Look at those lovely hills, Margaret; can't you sing me something?"

"No, I will not sing now—the people will hear us, and I don't think you are quite good enough this afternoon to deserve it; but I'll listen to you if you will sing something in a low voice, so that we may not attract attention."

Another long pause, and then his voice said, "Listen, Margaret; this is what I feel, sad though it be:

"Rest here a moment, while the air
Awakes the lake to deeper blue,
And on the vineyards' rocky stair,
'Mid trailing creepers' ardent hue
The singing peasants cross the view,
And chant, on this autumnal eve,
The praise of God's good gift of wine;
And ask that ne'er the grace divine
Their brave old land shall leave.

The castles throned o'er glassy deeps,
The ancient days of strife recall.
Now timid swallows line their keeps
And twitter, as the sere leaves fall,
Of flight, ere winter hold them thrall.
See, pale on dim horizon spread,
The snowy giants' Alpine band
Shine o'er the fields and forest land,
Like memories of the dead.

The very gates of heaven there,
When lit with summer's rosy beam!
The very jaws of hell, where flare
Among the crags the lightning's gleam!
As fleeting as white clouds I deem
My few chance days, that now may shine,
But cannot hide the storm split rock,
Nor stay the avalanche's shock—
Their cold and gloom are mine!"

He ceased, and I heard a sob coming from her. I thought he was really too bad to her, and rose angry with him, and angry with myself for having overheard their talk. I must try to do something to cheer her, thought I, and rose and went home.

CHAPTER III.

She appeared at dinner and sat down near me, looking pale and wretched, like Lady Macbeth, I said to myself, only Lady Macbeth with all the evil left out, but with much of the horror in her face remaining. I could not get her to speak except in monosyllables and with a faint smile just visible now and then—a smile that only came as an effort of courtesy to me.

"What should I do for her?" I thought over my cigar in the smoking-room. Yes, I have it!

I bought a lot of flowers, late roses, and every sweet thing I could lay my hands on, and sent them, with my compliments, and some most captivating Tauchnitz editions of novels and essays to the invalid's hotel. I had found out that his name was Edward Hardy—a singularly ill-chosen name for such a foolish, delicate fellow, as I thought. But I was very polite in the note that I sent, saying that the flowers and books came from a countryman who had heard that he was staying here for his health, and with many wishes for his complete restoration to health.

I got a brief note in reply. But my object was completely attained, for next day when my lady came to dinner she was radiant in her manner to me, and I had no difficulty in getting her to talk. She was evidently a most enthusiastic creature, full of hopes and life, and I drew her wickedly enough on to talk of lake habitations of the ancients, beginning on the subject of the local museum, where there was a very fine collection of things found, from amulets to skulls and from pins to swords and mighty stone hammers. She even confided to me

that she meant to go and engage men again to dig for her, for she liked the excitement, and had got sufficient last time to whet her love for curiosities of all kinds. She told me that the local antiquary desired to accompany her. I immediately suggested that I might do so once instead of him, and told her all I had to tell about myself, reinforcing in her mind the respectability of my appearance. But the flowers and the Tauchnitz editions had done the work for me; my spectacles were superfluous. I was already in her eyes an ideal respectability. She joyfully consented, and lo and behold! the next time the Cygne left in the early morning she and I were both on board, with an apparatus for sketching, and plenty of francs to pay for a legion of diggers.

A charming two hours' steam brought us past the villages and little quays at the intermediate places where we touched, and she pointed out to me where she had been told were old pile-supported dwellings. They were numerous enough, but on the other side, she assured me, they were far more widespread. Finally we neared the further shore, and landed at the end of a stone causeway built far into the lake over an expanse of reeds and swamps, and flat herbage, that stretched to this old lake shore—a long copse-covered cliff, on the highest point of which was a picturesque old chateau with two tall round brick-built towers, heavily crenelated. Another higher and stronger, and of much larger diameter, built of stone, and with a conical roof like the smaller, rose at one end of the great building.

"That is where the Queen Bertha, the ideal queen of an ideal time in French story, lived, and sung and spun," my companion said. "And look there."

I looked, and saw nothing but swamp on each side of us, the handsome long reeds waving their silver, tasseled heads in thick array.

"Don't you see the old piles?" she asked.

And there, sure enough, in the watery mud appeared in places many old ends of what looked like decayed trees.

"Those are the piles driven into the lake two thousand years ago," she excitedly said.

So I looked and wondered, and said, to please her, that it was very wonderful; though, to say the truth, I thought the black rotting pile heads ugly, and my gaze reached the crowded roofs of the little town around the castle's foot to see if there was a fair hotel visible. Yes, there was, and so I praised the old stakes up to the skies, or rather down to the water, and marched on and asked what she wanted to do next.

"Oh, now we are going to engage some men."

So up we went through cobbled streets, up into still narrower ones, past curious mediæval walls to an inn, which looked clean. "We shall at all events get some milk, if we don't get curios," I thought.

I asked if they had rooms vacant.

"Oh, yes. Would monsieur wish one for to-night?"

"Oh, no." I only asked in case of being able to come again.

The men were soon got, and we set out along the cliff bottom, having on our right the flat of the land reclaimed from the sea. Miss Nelson looked eagerly at the reed and willow clumps; and we trudged on, she checking me rather impatiently when we had gone at least two miles, and I had said, "Won't this place do as well as any other?"

At last, with a little cry, she said, "Ah, there it surely is. Yes, it is here. There is the place, I remember. Oh, let us dig here."

"By all means," I replied, wiping my brows, "anywhere you like, so long as you don't expect me to do it."

"Yes, yes—here."

And she signed to the men, who commenced at once with an honest ardor that promised great things, if great things there were to be seen under that uninteresting flat. Miss Nelson spread out a shawl, erected a parasol, and seemed to think herself a permanent fixture, like a lovely support to one of the ancient platforms, as she encouraged the men. These worked like heroes for fully two hours. They got down about four feet deep, and cut lots of the old stakes with their shovels, for these, buried in the mud and clay, had become like cheese in consistency. Up came shovelfuls of black clay and stones, and gray clay and stones, and then pieces of horn, and every now and then, once perhaps in half an hour, a palpably shaped pebble of some hard stone with the face ground to

an edge, also some flint chips—all of which seemed to please Miss Nelson much, but could hardly be called very magnificent treasure.

I am so matter-of-fact a man that I have never looked for treasures, and yet I have sufficient imagination to be able to believe that people at all times must have had something like knives to split up wood, and probably must always have had a love of killing pigs and deer and an occasional bear or wolf; so when manifest evidences of these propensities were turned up, I cannot say that I became excited; on the contrary, I thought it would have been very odd if such things had not characterized people one thousand or two thousand years ago, as now. But with this dull and commonplace way of thinking I did not vex Miss Nelson, who was evidently determined to prove these pretty evident facts up to the hilt. However, when more than two hours of this monotonous labor had continued, I suggested the men would work better still if they had some food. So we took lunch, and then they fell to their labor with greater pertinacity than ever.

She kept on repeating, "I think it's the place, I think it's the place," and so we went on until, to my horror, I found that we had been so intent on the reappearance of half a dozen old tools and cow bones that the steamer had called and had gone away again.

"Good gracious! The steamer's been and gone," I exclaimed; but she took it very calmly and bade the men dig on. At last, when light was failing

us, she stopped them, merely observing that they would have time to-morrow until the departure of the boat at the same hour.

She was much disappointed, for we found absolutely nothing of the slightest interest. The few rough tools were not so good as those that might be bought in any Neuchâtel shop for a franc or two. I suggested, as we once more walked to the town, that next day she must begin a sketch in order that we should not have to reproach ourselves as being empty-handed. Yes, she would do that if I promised to keep a watch where the men would be again trenching. We both found good quarters, and I never enjoyed a supper more than the one we had together before we each sought our rooms. It was only of milk and cheese and bread, but I felt

I was up to any amount of more mud, bones, and stones if I could enjoy such a *tête-à-tête* again. Solicitors are apt to work too hard, and it weakens sometimes their naturally hard nature. They like a reaction and a pretty face—that of a client, of course, preferred.

CHAPTER IV.

When next morning the curio hunt began we little thought what unexpected results would follow. I wandered up the cliff and along it to find a good point of view from which Miss Nelson might sketch the town. I had gone some little distance without satisfying myself, when, near a stumpy oak tree that overhung the cliff edge, so that its boughs happily framed in the aspect of the town, with its castle and the towers along the outer walls, I halted, thinking the spot might suit. The tree boughs hung down too much, and, to get lower to look under them, I stooped, and saw that recent rains had crumbled away the broken stone in the cliff ridge, so that it had fallen in a little landslip on to a broader and harder and more projecting band in the horizontal lying strata of rock beneath.

I slowly climbed down this rain-broken *débris* to the harder rock below, and there the boughs did not interfere, but on the contrary were exactly arranged so as to give greater effect to the coronal of towers, with the lake and further hills beyond it. Wondering if I could persuade Miss Nelson to leave her precious diggers, I stepped up to the top of the cliff again, and going around to her told her that I hoped she would remember her promise about the sketch; that the old lake margin was interesting in its way as the lake bottom itself, and that nothing could be better for shade and general view than the spot



IT WAS AN OLD TREASURE.

I had found, from which she could see her diggers, and myself watching them, so that if anything were found I could hail her. After a time of fruitless digging she assented, and I piloted her to my cliff perch.

She had been warned that there were adders sometimes among the rocks and broken stones of this part of the country, especially near the lake. It was this that made her turn to me as she was preparing, with my assistance, a sea¹ on the little landslide. I began to look around to see if there were any of the horrid reptiles about. I was engaged in doing this, and in peering especially behind a big slab that lay against the face of the rock, when, for my amusement, and to make sure of nothing disagreeable being under it, I pushed it off the cliff with my knee, so that it fell the twenty feet or so that separated us from the flat below.

Underneath there was no snake, but a hole in the cliff, and at the entrance of the hole in the shade of the projecting layer of limestone a something that glittered white. I lifted it, and found it to be a censer spoon, one of those flat and broad little spoons of silver, of a form still used in Roman Catholic churches.

"Hullo! Look here," I said to Miss Nelson. "There you have been digging for the best part of two days and have found nothing, but here is something evidently of silver."

She came and looked and bent down, and gazed into the cavity, and then rose with her face all aglow, and in a trembling whisper said, "Look there. Kneel down and look there."

I did so, and my heart seemed to stop—for there filling up a cavity was a heap of golden objects. I shoved in my hand and brought out by its shaft a long cross, resplendent with roughly set jewels, then a chain of gold, then another smaller cross; then the splendidly encrusted half of an old Bible, whose cover was a mass of silver, gold and crystals. We were both as silent as the grave, but we were both breathing hard.

"Don't say a word to mortal man," I said. "We must close the place with rubbish, and quietly get it all away. It is an old treasure deposit. It can't belong to anyone except the finders, but there may be some foolish law we don't know anything about. Let's shut up (I became slangy in my excitement) and go to the men. I'll think what we can do."

She never said a word, but her eyes dilated with joy.

"How strange, my dream," she said.

"What dream?" I asked.

"It was about the flat ground, that I found a treasure among the piles," she said.

"Ah, it was not your dream, but your dread of snakes that brought this discovery," I said. "Fancy a rusty, musty, fusty solicitor like me finding such a thing."

"No, no!" she laughed at last, rather hysterically, "you only found the censer spoon; I found the rest of those. Oh, what wonderful things!"

"I shall be quite content with the spoon," I replied.

We joined the men. We assiduously and hypocritically watched them till the afternoon, and then left by steamer.

"You were away at Estavayer," said our smiling host. "Nice place—nice castle—very nice—nice little town—very nice. Castle old. They say there are vaults there with church things, precious things—very nice—hidden there."

Lord! How we both blushed in the face of the landlord as he said this, how our hearts thumped. At last I returned the smile and said, "Yes, very nice—but how impossible!"

More smiles, wreathed smiles, with his hands behind his back as though he were a conjurer going to bring out something precious! Not he. We knew more than that—more than he, or any other.

"Vaults—castle! Impossible! Would have been found long ago," I said rather breathlessly.

"Yes," he said, "that is what they say—things buried there from time of religious war. All here on this side of the lake Protestant, all on other side Catholic. Protestants chase Catholic priests. Catholic priests, afraid of robbery, go across at night with boats, say—hide all treasures in castle."

"Dear me, is that so! Yes, I think they may be there then," I said.

Miss Nelson was very pale, very thoughtful.

"Time of persecution," landlord went on, smiling more than ever at the agitation either of the ancient priests or at our assumed incredulity. "Fraid of being killed, 'fraid of jewels taken away; gold and silver of all churches all taken away and hidden."

"Should get up a company," I said, "and search old castle rock, sure to be there, if anywhere. Good evening. I thank you," making a sign that the interview was ended, for Miss Nelson would faint, I thought.

Oh, no, nothing of the kind. She was all in a fever to get plans made to get the treasure away. I made her promise solemnly not to tell Hardy. She declared she had absolute confidence in me. I said she should know everything and have everything, if she would only let me act alone.

The story of the priests going over in boats at night gave me the hint. I got a boat opposite the place, and far away from Neufchatel. The maid, Miss Nelson and I went on a sketching excursion there. We bought sacks at a far-off village. We rowed across when it was dark. We two filled the sacks, and the following Saturday a rather heavy market basket was taken out of the Estavayer steamer at Neufchatel and carried to the hotel Bellevue. Thence, with the aid of the British Minister at Berne, who was given to understand that some old plate had been bought by me on commission at various places, I got a box filled with the treasure through to England. Another box followed, and another, until in the course of three years (for we took our time about it, and could well afford to do so) several sensational sales occurred at various great auctions.

Hardy entirely recovered his health, and never scoffs at his wife's hopes, or imaginations, or dreams. He and his wife are my clients, and have made me keep a wonderful reliquary, which I tell them is the cause of all his good health. I can't enquire whose bone it holds. Certainly not that of any of the ancient lake dwellers. I wouldn't give twopence for their bones.

No more melancholy songs have been sung by Hardy, or anyone else that I know of, at that little restaurant. I did not care to see Hardy, but had to meet him to please Miss Nelson—I should say Mrs. Hardy. They are both well off now—so am I. I am told that the Hotel Bellevue is a better hotel than ever, and that once in every two years or so a lady with an amber charm on her breast is seen there with a gentleman who is robustly delicate. Nobody ever finds golden treasure now, and the greatest treasure of all is not seen there, namely, the solicitor who found so much unsolicited.



Shocking a Saint.

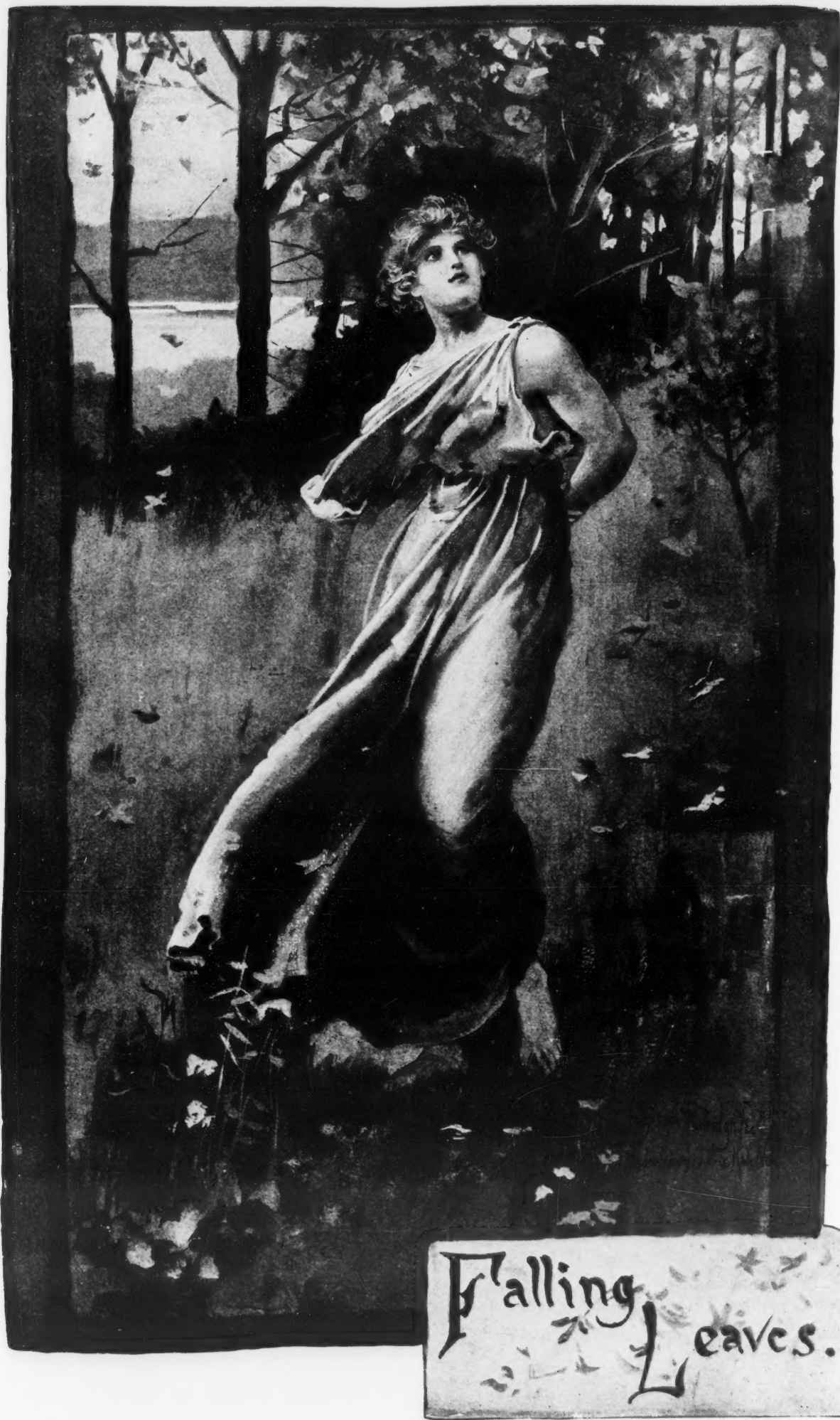
"WHEN we are married," whispered May, As o'er her book she bent,
"I hope our husbands won't insist On asking how we spent
Each dollar that they did bestow;
'Twould be a nuisance, don't you know!"

"Yes," murmured naughty Grace, aside,
"Because, you know, we might
Get men who wouldn't let us smoke—
Some say it isn't right—
And, carrying things a deal too far,
Deny us e'en a mild cigar."

"Oh, that's not much; but only think
If we were tied to men,
Who watched and grudged each social drink,
How could we stand it then?
And did our poker club taboo;
I couldn't bear it, dear, could you?"

"Not for an instant! Quick divorce
Should end such woe as that."
Then did the wicked two peep out
To where Aunt Polly sat,
Content that they had squandered breath
To "frighten that old maid to death."

PINCE-NEZ.



The Cry of the Loon

BY
ANGUS EVAN ABBOTT.



J. E. A. 76

ANY man can do a black deed, but no man can outrun the consequences. Charles Jewell tried, and although he ran far and arrived hot and haggard at the place he thought safety was to be found, Fate, in the form of a curious chance, waited for him in the very heart of civilization, London.

It had been a blistering day. In the northern regions of Canada the summer sun beats with tenfold force on the face of the earth, as if to make good the long months of darkness and frost that turn a quarter of the earth into an inhospitable wilderness. All this day the sun's rays beat down from a cloudless sky, and blazed up from the parched grass and white rocks, and even in the forest the very air, which sought shelter under the motionless branches of the trees, seemed to pant for breath. Even the broad river which lay between its steep banks was covered with a film of heat, and, so oily it ran, seemed to have ceased flowing seawards. All day in the broiling sun two young men worked their way up the stream. Early in the forenoon they had reached a rapid in the great river: a rapid scarcely perceptible to the eye, for it was only a gradual fall of a few inches. But so swiftly flowed the body of water that the voyagers had found it necessary to make a portage, and the remainder of the day was spent in carrying their outfit and canoe along a quarter of a mile of river shore. It proved an almost insufferable task. The stones and rocks burnt the hand at every touch, and the flies and midges irritated them beyond all endurance. But the young men worked with dogged determination, and neither spoke to the other the whole day long. When all the effects had been placed far enough above the rapid to permit of the launching of the canoe on the next morning, the two silently prepared their camp for the night. A fire was built in the open space, and, although neither had any intention of sleeping under canvas on such a sultry night as must follow the day, still the tent was erected. Storms of rain, violent downpours, come suddenly in those regions, and it is a wise precaution to make ready for them in time. Supper was eaten, and one, Temple, lit his pipe in silence.

Charles Jewell and Philip Temple planned the trip they were now on quite six months in advance. While attending the University at Toronto they had spent many hours studying the scantily marked map of the far north, reading the exploits of Mackenzie and other Hudson Bay men, and posting themselves generally on travel and adventure in those northern latitudes. Night after night, when they should have been reading Greek or worse, they pored over the lore of the forest and planned. Their hopes were now realized—all but the romance. Life in the wilderness was much as they had

expected to find it, but the romance was absent, and the absence of this enchantment left a hole in their lives. Here, after weeks of voyaging together without seeing a soul, they found what they had sought—the great barren tract of wilderness; the rugged hills, with ragged patches of pine trees hanging to their sides, like the half-cast hair of a buffalo; the broad river, navigated as yet only by the birch canoe of the Red Indian; the absence of man; there was the absence of romance as well. Hard work and a hot sun had knocked their dreams on the head. Not only this, but the young men had been constantly together for two long weeks, and they were thoroughly tired of one another, and one had begun to hate the other with a frenzied hatred. What a boon to each would the face of a stranger have been! How each would have taken him to his arms and poured into his ears small troubles which had grown great through careful nursing! But there was no friendly stranger, and the two sat, Temple smoking a pipe, and Jewell nervously breaking the dry twigs which he picked from the grass.

Philip was the first to speak. He was not a good hater, and when he smoked, Peace always seemed to him an exceedingly pleasant maiden.

"A weird cry that, Charlie," he said in a low tone.

The night had fallen, and the cries from forest and stream were beginning. Jewell started, and looked quickly at his companion, who had not taken his eyes off the running water.

"What is that you say?" Jewell asked rudely.

"I say it's a strange, lonesome cry, the cry of the loon," the other answered gently. "It always seems to me ghostly."

"For heaven's sake none of your sentimental twaddle. I've had enough of it already. Don't make yourself more objectionable than—than God made you."

"Several times on this trip we have unbosomed our innermost opinions of

one another. I have made a clean breast of mine, and I will give you the credit of leaving me in no doubt as to your opinion of me. Now, as neither of us have anything new in that line to disclose, I suggest we drop the subject. I am in no querulous mood to-night." Temple spoke in an aggravatingly slow and quiet way.

"It's the first time—" Jewell was beginning hotly when Temple interrupted.

"Granted, Charlie. I grant you it is the first time. But there's the cry again, the loon, but where it comes from a person cannot tell. It seems to come from all sides of one, to be beating in the air with pinions of its own. It is a wild, strange bird, the loon, seldom seen, shy, alert, active, the spirit of the woods and lake."

Then followed a long silence, each man apparently intent on his own thoughts, and at intervals the strange sound, which had called forth the rambling remarks of Temple, sounded from the other side of the river.

"Our family is a peculiar one," Temple continued. "Superstition enters strongly into our lives and deaths. We believe in premonition, in signs, and omens. Have you heard of—heard of—" Philip stopped.

"Heard of what! Some fool thing I have no doubt," the other said in spite of himself. He was being aggra-



ALL DAY IN THE BROILING SUN.

vated beyond all measure, and his companion was well aware of it.

"Yes some fool thing, you'll say."

It was now intensely dark, although overhead the stars shone brightly. But in the woods and among the hills darkness is doubly intensified.

"A fool thing," continued Temple quietly, "but an eerie thing, the night hawk that cries when a sorrow is to come upon our family. Near our house, you know it, Charlie, stands the withered elm, its white limbs touching the sky at night. Behind it are the woods, and the topmost limb is seen when you stand in our front door at night, to shoot out of the dark mass of woods, the background, and into the sky. On the point of this limb, a patch of black against the clear heavens, a hawk takes its place and cries the death knell of our family. It cried when father was killed, it cried when sister died, and mother every night of her life looks out in fear to see that the limb is bare. But I feel it; I know that the hawk may cry when my time comes, but that I will be far from the old farm, and that the loon, not the hawk, will sing my requiem."

Jewell leaped to his feet.

"You madden me with your talk, by heaven, you do," he said as he marched off into the darkness, his hands tightly pressed to his temples.

"I shall go insane," he said to himself, "the sun has injured me to-day. I feel the throbbing pains of madness in my brain. I cannot sit longer and hear him talk, talk, talk, like the patter of rain or a prattling baby. What possessed him to leave home and hawk to haunt me like an evil spirit? I have gone far enough in this insane matter. I will return home at once. I can stand this chattering, hollow sentimentalist and his vulgar satire no longer; him and the sun. The sun! It has battered my skull in to-day. I have lived through sunstroke once and that is enough. I will travel by night—to-night. He must come along, and hold his tongue, or take the consequences."

Charles Jewell turned on his tracks and started in the direction from which he had come, but before he got many rods on his way he met his companion, strolling with a great pretense of vacant-mindedness along the high bank.

"Hullo, Charlie!" Philip Temple said in a tantalizing way, for he saw how unbearable his familiar address was to his companion, and at heart he was carelessly cruel, "I wanted to tell you about my uncle."

"Damn your uncle and all the cursed family," shouted Jewell in a rage. "I've heard all I will stand of the crew."

Temple saw matters had reached a crisis, and he cowed under the fierce blaze of his comrade's eye.

"In future—" he started, when the other interrupted.

"There is to be no future. I am going back."

"Back! When? What do you mean?"

"That we get out of one another's sight and hearing at the earliest moment. Your sarcastic babble has run through my brain with exasperating monotony. It means turning back or murder. I'm going back."

"We have been getting along famously together, Charlie."

"Famously, you say!" the other shouted. "My brain has been torn to pieces bit by bit by you, and roasted by the sun. I can escape the sun, for I will travel by night, and shall prevent your talk—or kill you. It's for you to say which. Now don't stand there like a fool. Take down the tent."

Philip Temple was not quick-witted enough to see that Jewell had worked himself into a frenzy of rage, that for the time being he was mad. Not having the sense to say nothing, he attempted to argue.

"What's the matter with you to-night, Charlie?"

"Down with the tent, do you hear?"

"It's madness to attempt the river. I will not step into the canoe to-night."

In an instant Jewell was upon him and had him in his arms. His passion gave him the strength of a giant, and with one mighty fling he sent his companion into the deep river. "Not step into the canoe! then, go without," Jewell shrieked.

There was a splash, followed in a few moments by a smothered cry for help, and all was still.

Over the silently flowing water floated the ghastly cry of the loon, again and again repeated. Jewell stood rooted to the spot, the words of his companion running through his brain, "The loon, not the hawk, will sing my requiem."

CHAPTER II.

The full meaning of the deed he had done soon flashed across Charles Jewell's brain. As the truth

struck home, his expression quickly changed from one of murderous rage to horror and fear. Madly running along the bank of the river, he cried a dozen times and more, "Philip, Philip, where are you? where are you?" But his only answer was the cry of the loon.

"I must leave this awful place at once or I shall go mad," he said aloud.

Retracing his steps he came to the canoe resting on a narrow strip of beach, and without a thought of the future, but only wishing to get away from the spot he himself had made unholy, he shoved the craft far into the swift flowing river, and all unprovisioned and unprovided for his long trip, without even a rifle to provide food, commenced paddling as hard as he could down stream. Once, and only once, he looked back and saw the fire burning brightly



IN AN INSTANT JEWELL WAS UPON HIM.

The Cry of the Loon

BY
ANGUS EVAN ABBOTT.



J.E. Abbott '76

ANY man can do a black deed, but no man can outrun the consequences. Charles Jewell tried, and although he ran far and arrived hot and haggard at the place he thought safety was to be found,

Fate, in the form of a curious chance, waited for him in the very heart of civilization, London.

It had been a blistering day. In the northern regions of Canada the summer sun beats with tenfold force on the face of the earth, as if to make good the long months of darkness and frost that turn a quarter of the earth into an inhospitable wilderness. All this day the sun's rays beat down from a cloudless sky, and blazed up from the parched grass and white rocks, and even in the forest the very air, which sought shelter under the motionless branches of the trees, seemed to pant for breath. Even the broad river which lay between its steep banks was covered with a film of heat, and, so oily it ran, seemed to have ceased flowing seawards. All day in the broiling sun two young men worked their way up the stream. Early in the forenoon they had reached a rapid in the great river: a rapid scarcely perceptible to the eye, for it was only a gradual fall of a few inches. But so swiftly flowed the body of water that the voyagers had found it necessary to make a portage, and the remainder of the day was spent in carrying their outfit and canoe along a quarter of a mile of river shore. It proved an almost insufferable task. The stones and rocks burnt the hand at every touch, and the flies and midges irritated them beyond all endurance. But the young men worked with dogged determination, and neither spoke to the other the whole day long. When all the effects had been placed far enough above the rapid to permit of the launching of the canoe on the next morning, the two silently prepared their camp for the night. A fire was built in the open space, and, although neither had any intention of sleeping under canvas on such a sultry night as must follow the day, still the tent was erected. Storms of rain, violent downpours, come suddenly in those regions, and it is a wise precaution to make ready for them in time. Supper was eaten, and one, Temple, lit his pipe in silence.

Charles Jewell and Philip Temple planned the trip they were now on quite six months in advance. While attending the University at Toronto they had spent many hours studying the scantily marked map of the far north, reading the exploits of Mackenzie and other Hudson Bay men, and posting themselves generally on travel and adventure in those northern latitudes. Night after night, when they should have been reading Greek or worse, they pored over the lore of the forest and planned. Their hopes were now realized—all but the romance. Life in the wilderness was much as they had

expected to find it, but the romance was absent, and the absence of this enchantment left a hole in their lives. Here, after weeks of voyaging together without seeing a soul, they found what they had sought—the great barren tract of wilderness; the rugged hills, with ragged patches of pine trees hanging to their sides, like the half-cast hair of a buffalo; the broad river, navigated as yet only by the birch canoe of the Red Indian; the absence of man; there was the absence of romance as well. Hard work and a hot sun had knocked their dreams on the head. Not only this, but the young men had been constantly together for two long weeks, and they were thoroughly tired of one another, and one had begun to hate the other with a frenzied hatred. What a boon to each would the face of a stranger have been! How each would have taken him to his arms and poured into his ears small troubles which had grown great through careful nursing! But there was no friendly stranger, and the two sat, Temple smoking a pipe, and Jewell nervously breaking the dry twigs which he picked from the grass.

Philip was the first to speak. He was not a good hater, and when he smoked, Peace always seemed to him an exceedingly pleasant maiden.

"A weird cry that, Charlie," he said in a low tone.

The night had fallen, and the cries from forest and stream were beginning.

Jewell started, and looked quickly at his companion, who had not taken his eyes off the running water.

"What is that you say?" Jewell asked rudely.

"I say it's a strange, lonesome cry, the cry of the loon," the other answered gently. "It always seems to me ghostly."

"For heaven's sake none of your sentimental twaddle. I've had enough of it already. Don't make yourself more objectionable than—than God made you."

"Several times on this trip we have unbosomed our innermost opinions of one another. I have made a clean breast of mine, and I will give you the credit of leaving me in no doubt as to your opinion of me. Now, as neither of us have anything new in that line to disclose, I suggest we drop the subject. I am in no querulous mood to-night."

Temple spoke in an aggravatingly slow and quiet way.

"It's the first time—" Jewell was beginning hotly when Temple interrupted.

"Granted, Charlie. I grant you it is the first time. But there's the cry again, the loon, but where it comes from a person cannot tell. It seems to come from all sides of one, to be beating in the air with pinions of its own. It is a wild, strange bird, the loon, seldom seen, shy, alert, active, the spirit of the woods and lake."

Then followed a long silence, each man apparently intent on his own thoughts, and at intervals the strange sound, which had called forth the rambling remarks of Temple, sounded from the other side of the river.

"Our family is a peculiar one," Temple continued. "Superstition enters strongly into our lives and deaths. We believe in premonition, in signs, and omens. Have you heard of—heard of—" Philip stopped.

"Heard of what! Some fool thing I have no doubt," the other said in spite of himself. He was being aggra-



ALL DAY IN THE BROILING SUN.

vated beyond all measure, and his companion was well aware of it.

"Yes some fool thing, you'll say."

It was now intensely dark, although overhead the stars shone brightly. But in the woods and among the hills darkness is doubly intensified.

"A fool thing," continued Temple quietly, "but an eerie thing, the night hawk that cries when a sorrow is to come upon our family. Near our house, you know it, Charlie, stands the withered elm, its white limbs touching the sky at night. Behind it are the woods, and the topmost limb is seen when you stand in our front door at night, to shoot out of the dark mass of woods, the background, and into the sky. On the point of this limb, a patch of black against the clear heavens, a hawk takes its place and cries the death knell of our family. It cried when father was killed, it cried when sister died, and mother every night of her life looks out in fear to see that the limb is bare. But I feel it; I know that the hawk may cry when my time comes, but that I will be far from the old farm, and that the loon, not the hawk, will sing my requiem."

Jewell leaped to his feet.

"You madden me with your talk, by heaven, you do," he said as he marched off into the darkness, his hands tightly pressed to his temples.

"I shall go insane," he said to himself, "the sun has injured me to-day. I feel the throbbing pains of madness in my brain. I cannot sit longer and hear him talk, talk, talk, like the patter of rain or a prattling baby. What possessed him to leave home and hawk to haunt me like an evil spirit? I have gone far enough in this insane matter. I will return home at once. I can stand this chattering, hollow sentimentalism and his vulgar satire no longer; him and the sun. The sun! It has battered my skull in to-day. I have lived through sunstroke once and that is enough. I will travel by night—to-night. He must come along, and hold his tongue, or take the consequences."

Charles Jewell turned on his tracks and started in the direction from which he had come, but before he got many rods on his way he met his companion, strolling with a great pretense of vacant-mindedness along the high bank.

"Hullo, Charlie!" Philip Temple said in a tantalizing way, for he saw how unbearable his familiar address was to his companion, and at heart he was carelessly cruel, "I wanted to tell you about my uncle."

"Damn your uncle and all the cursed family," shouted Jewell in a rage. "I've heard all I will stand of the crew."

Temple saw matters had reached a crisis, and he cowed under the fierce blaze of his comrade's eye.

"In future——" he started, when the other interrupted.

"There is to be no future. I am going back."

"Back! When? What do you mean?"

"That we get out of one another's sight and hearing at the earliest moment. Your sarcastic babble has run through my brain with exasperating monotony. It means turning back or murder. I'm going back."

"We have been getting along famously together, Charlie."

"Famously, you say!" the other shouted. "My brain has been torn to pieces bit by bit by you, and roasted by the sun. I can escape the sun, for I will travel by night, and shall prevent your talk—or kill you. It's for you to say which. Now don't stand there like a fool. Take down the tent."

Philip Temple was not quick-witted enough to see that Jewell had worked himself into a frenzy of rage, that for the time being he was mad. Not having the sense to say nothing, he attempted to argue.

"What's the matter with you to-night, Charlie?"

"Down with the tent, do you hear?"

"It's madness to attempt the river. I will not step into the canoe to-night."

In an instant Jewell was upon him and had him in his arms. His passion gave him the strength of a giant, and with one mighty fling he sent his companion into the deep river. "Not step into the canoe! then, go without," Jewell shrieked.

There was a splash, followed in a few moments by a smothered cry for help, and all was still.

Over the silently flowing water floated the ghastly cry of the loon, again and again repeated. Jewell stood rooted to the spot, the words of his companion running through his brain, "The loon, not the hawk, will sing my requiem."

CHAPTER II.

The full meaning of the deed he had done soon flashed across Charles Jewell's brain. As the truth

struck home, his expression quickly changed from one of murderous rage to horror and fear. Madly running along the bank of the river, he cried a dozen times and more, "Philip, Philip, where are you? where are you?" But his only answer was the cry of the loon.

"I must leave this awful place at once or I shall go mad," he said aloud.

Retracing his steps he came to the canoe resting on a narrow strip of beach, and without a thought of the future, but only wishing to get away from the spot he himself had made unholy, he shoved the craft far into the swift flowing river, and all unprovisioned and unprovided for his long trip, without even a rifle to provide food, commenced paddling as hard as he could down stream. Once, and only once, he looked back and saw the fire burning brightly



IN AN INSTANT JEWELL WAS UPON HIM.

on the high bank, and its glare play upon the motionless sides of the white tent, the tent that looked so like a ghost. He turned his head and dug his paddle deeper into the soundless river. All night long he paddled, flying from that which he could never hope to outrun, and as he sped on his way the cry of the unseen bird followed him at every turn of the river. It was not until the sun had mounted high into the heavens that he shoved the nose of his canoe against the bank, and under the limbs of an overhanging tree fell fast asleep, and slept sounder than might be supposed.

When a man is without provision, gun, and ammunition, alone in the wilderness, it goes hard with him, no matter which the season of the year. But of all seasons the autumn is the best. Then the woods are full of wild fruits. Wild grapes hang in dark clusters from the limbs of trees up which the hardy vine has clambered, and a dozen different kinds of bushes and trees are loaded with nuts and berries, nutritious and palatable, while in the quiet waters of the lake grows the wild rice, the grain the Indians gather to this day. To so good a woodman as Charles Jewell, the task of finding a supper for himself was the work of only a few minutes. When he awoke, the setting sun splashed across the vast firmament great patches of gold and red. It did not take him long to realize his position.

"What an ass I was to forget my gun—an ass and a murderer! I am now on the level of a wild beast, and must eat like them—husks and wild fruit."

He scrambled up the bank, and after a short sojourn returned, having satisfied himself. By the time the sun disappeared Jewell was afloat again, and wielding the paddle with a nervous but strong stroke. He knew the river and what obstacles it had in his path. This gave him no anxiety. It was the great outside world to which his troubled thoughts were turned, and the knowledge of the deed he had done, and how it would rise up against him at every turn, made him fear to meet his fellow-men again. And the more he feared the meeting, the harder he paddled towards it.

It was fifteen days—or nights rather, for he had traveled only at night—it was just fifteen nights from the time of leaving the fire burning brightly on the bank away in the unknown country, that Jewell saw a sight which made his heart leap into his mouth. Away ahead of him, apparently on the surface of the stream, floated a blinking, flickering light, the beacon of civilization, more like a fairy lantern than the light from the little trading village.

Some hours before he had been eagerly looking for a light, but now that it appeared to him his soul was filled with dread. He instantly checked the course of the canoe and gazed at the light as though it were the eye of some monster he dreaded. The next instant he had turned the head of his birch-bark up stream and was paddling desperately away from the flame. As he paddled he said in a hushed voice:

"I fear the sight of man. Why should I ever return? Why leave the woods?"

He had covered a mile or more at racing speed before his senses came back to him. He laid down his paddle and let his canoe drift with the stream.

"Here have I starved for fifteen days, worked like a slave and fed like a beast, to get to the post, and now that I have accomplished the journey I would run away. Go to the woods! I dare not. I am frightened of myself. I have been with myself too long as it is! Better be hanged in company than live like a wild beast on nuts and roots until I actually become a wild thing, as I ultimately must. I shall go back—but—but not to-night. Not to-night. To-morrow, not to-night."

He ran his canoe into a bunch of reeds that grew by the shore, and all night he sat debating with himself and falling into troubled sleeps.

It was not until the sun had risen high in the heavens that Charles Jewell summoned courage to face the world and begin a life-long task of falsehood and deceit, the task of every moment of his existence hiding from his fellow-men the sin that gnawed at his heart. When he steeled himself to the task he shot his frail bark out of its hiding-place and made down stream for the little trading post.

As his eye quickly ran over the rough log buildings composing the tiny village, he called to mind every little incident of his and Temple's stay in the place before they set out on the fatal journey. In that week Temple had made himself a friend of every man, woman, and child, and dog in the place, and he believed that all who could understand the news would mourn the death of a friend. He was right in his surmise.

When he stepped tottering out of the canoe, those who had run to meet

him read a tragedy in his face, and when he told them in a deeply affected way of the upsetting of the canoe in a rapid, the loss of everything in it, and the drowning of Philip Temple, and how he had lived on wild fruit and nuts for fifteen days, they were pained and full of sorrow. The whole of the inhabitants turned out to hear from the lips of the survivor the particulars of the terrible disaster; and when they saw Jewell walking up and down the long room of the store, they could scarcely believe this was the young man who a few weeks before had left them in such good spirits and looking so well. He had returned haggard in face, emaciated in figure and with broken nerves. He walked to and fro and started painfully at every sound.

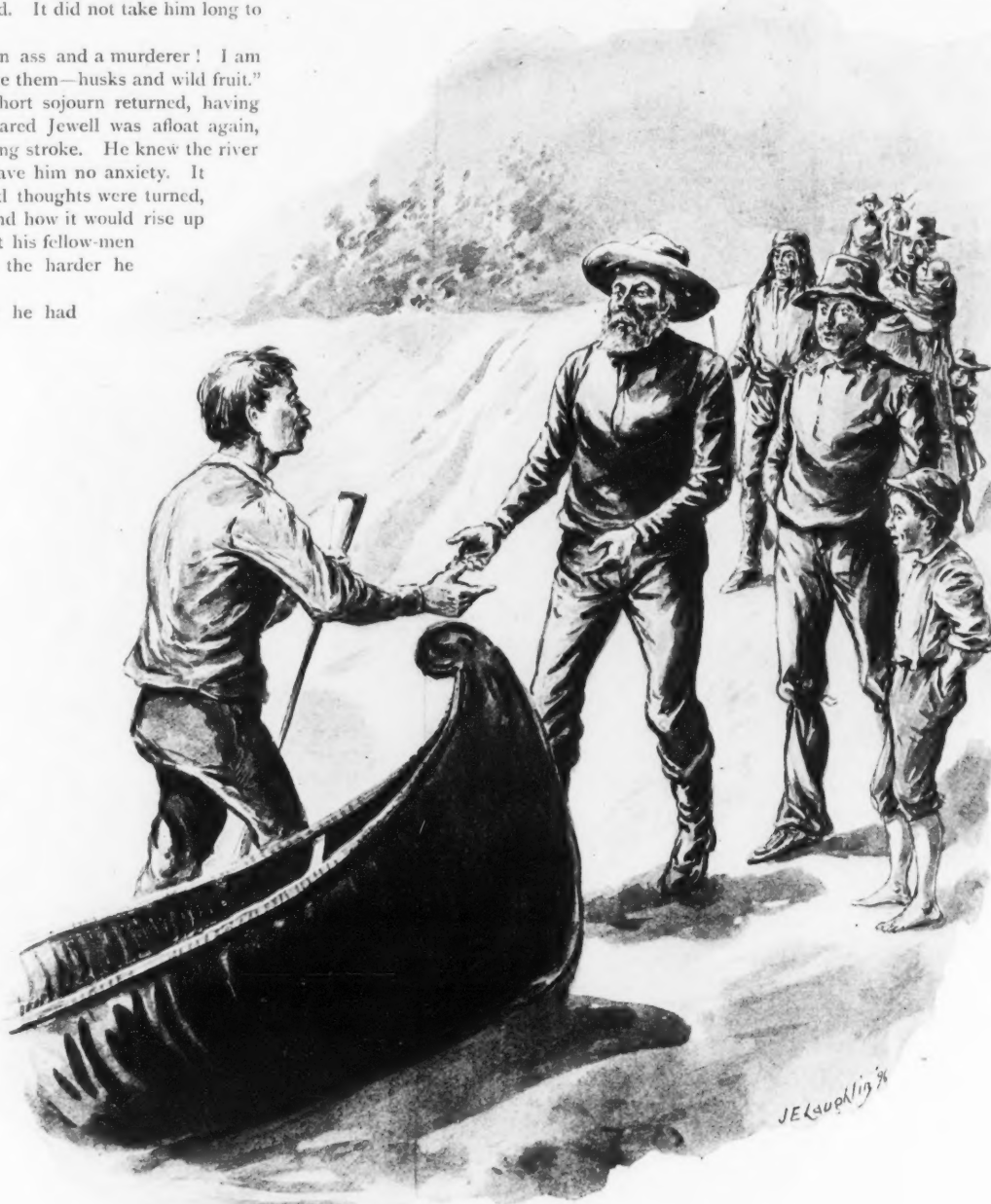
"Then you lost everything?" asked one of the listeners.

"Everything. Guns, tent, food; everything but life."

"It must have been a terrible struggle."

"Terrible struggle! What do you mean?" shouted Jewell with appalling suddenness, glaring wildly at the speaker.

"Why to live, without gun or food," answered the questioner in surprise.



THOSE WHO CAME TO MEET HIM READ A TRAGEDY IN HIS FACE.

"Oh, yes! I see—yes, it was," Jewell said, resuming his walk. His task had begun badly. "I have scarcely lived," he continued, "scarcely lived, mentally or physically, and the loons drive me crazy. But I will go now."

"Go!" echoed half a dozen.

"Yes, go, and at once. I must push on to Winnipeg and from there let the people know."

"To-day? It is madness," answered the factor. "We cannot let you go till you are fit."

"I am as fit now as I shall ever be, and I go now," Jewell answered.

The factor was a man of gentle determination, and he had no intention of permitting a man, so evidently delirious and run down as Charles Jewell then was, to attempt such a journey, not while he had the power to prevent it.

"Jewell, my boy," he said, kindly patting the young man on the shoulder, "Jewell, you stay with me for a day or two and rest. I want to send some word to the outside world, and cannot for a day at least. Go to bed at once. I

will see to some beef-tea to start with, and we will by degrees reclaim you from a berry-eating savage to a flesh-consuming Christian. Meanwhile, I will see about guides for you. Believe me, it is the quickest way to reach the world."

Jewell was quite taken aback with this speech, and the kind manner in which the factor addressed him. He had not expected this, he, a murderer.

Without a word of objection or of thanks he did as the factor said. He rested, ate, and when three days had passed set out on his long tramp through the bush, with two Indians for guides. When he reached Winnipeg he despatched two telegrams. Poor Mrs. Temple had not seen the hawk, nor heard it cry in the night, but after the coming of Jewell's telegram a long wave of crape hung from the door-knob. Two days after Jewell arrived at the country station, looking haggard and worn, and the gray-haired minister, after hearing the sad story, drove straight to Mrs. Temple and told her that Jewell was really not well enough to see her.

At breakfast the next morning Jewell sat in silence for a long while crumb-ling a piece of bread between his fingers. At last he asked abruptly:

"Did you, did any of you hear anything last night?"

"What do you mean, Charles?" his father asked, looking anxiously at his son.

"Any noise, any sound?"

"No, I heard nothing, nothing out of the usual," his father answered.

"Did you, mother?"

"I heard nothing; but you know how soundly I sleep," the old lady answered.

"It seemed to me as if there was a noise, a sound, a loon crying all the night. I could get no sleep, no sleep with it."

"Oh, a loon!" said his father, relieved; "a loon should not disturb you. You have heard the loon ever since you were a baby. They have cried from the lake every year I have been here."

"I can't bear to hear them, they drive me mad," cried the young man, jumping to his feet and walking up and down the room in a frenzy of excitement. "They drive me mad!" he repeated; then stopping abruptly before his father's chair he said:

"I'm going to England." His father said nothing, and the son continued:

"I cannot settle down, not yet, my nerves are unstrung. I must have a complete change of scene. I will go to London, and when my senses come to me again and my mind frees itself from its troubles—its fears—I will return and repay your kindness to me."

The father still sat in silence looking out of the window, and the mother had already her apron to her eyes and was quietly crying.

"We have seen two go and but one return," his father said at last. "It is sorrowful to see the remaining one go again, but, but—well, Charles, my son, I think it's probably the best thing you can do. You'll come back as soon as you can, I know."

CHAPTER III.

Three days before Charles Jewell sailed

from Montreal for England the tiny trading post away in the north, which for him had such doleful associations, received a great surprise. Late in the evening when the men were gathered into knots telling tales or arranging for the winter's hunt, the door of the store was thrown open, and into the room walked a man, dressed in rags, his face covered with a shaggy half-grown beard, and on his feet a pair of boots so worn that they were held in place by many thongs of greenhide. Without a word he deposited a rifle carefully in one corner, unbuckled from his waist a cartridge belt and placed it beside the weapon. Shaking himself as a pony does when relieved of an awkward burden, he stepped up to the nearest group of men, and holding out his hand said in a cheerful voice:

"My name's Temple. I guess you were not expecting me?"

The inveterate punster is never taken unready, but this time he was interrupted in the middle of an atrocity about "a defiled Temple from what they'd knowed,"

by "Then you hain't drowned?" from two or three of the first who had recovered their wits.

"I'm not so sure of that," replied Temple with a great show of jocularly, while all the time he was weighing each word he used to make sure he did not commit himself. "I haven't quite made up my mind, but I rather think I was. But never mind. If something is not forthcoming at once I'm likely to die of hunger. Hold on! no meat. Bread, bread, I want. I've lived on meat and fruit for so long that I hope never to see venison or wild grapes again as long as I live. Bread and tea or I die. How did you know I was drowned?"

"When a canoe upsets at the head of a fall and one feller hangs on to her and another feller disappears into the water and ain't heerd of no more nor nothing, you'll allow that appearances don't pint to that feller dyin' of whoopin' cough, won't you? or hangin', for the matter o' that?"

"For a fact it looks like drowning, don't it?" Temple said, laughing, "but appearances don't hold good this time—at least, I think they don't."

"But say, how did you come to save yourself?"

"I'm sure I don't know. I found myself strike earth after being under water about ten thousand times, more or less. Had just enough sense and strength left to pull half my length out of the water, and there I lay on a strip of shore, with my feet in the river and head on a stone, until I recovered. Charlie in a bad state, was he?"

"Jewell never came back," said one of the men.

"What! What do you mean?"

"His boots and clothes and hat and canoe came back, but it wasn't the old Jewell in 'em, but a skeleton-like bundle of nerves. We had to set on his head to get him rested. He was for hoofing it through the woods to the old folks the moment he clapped sole leather to dirt. He was in a regular bad state, I can tell you straight."

"Poor Charlie! Poor Charlie! He'll throw up his hat when he hears I'm safe."

"Say, Temple," spoke up a quiet-voiced grisly hunter, who had sat until now without expressing his feelings by more than an occasional grunt, "the canoe tipped sudden-like, I'm thinking?"

"Over like winking," Temple assented.

"So Jewell a-told us; didn't have no time for nothing?"

"Not a second."

"So I'm thinking. Where did ye get the gun?" The old man nodded in the direction of the weapon.

Temple flushed red, and his thoughts flew back to the night when, on returning to the brightly burning camp fire, he found his comrade gone and the camp untouched and the guns leaning against the tree. His mind was fully made up. No one should ever know the truth of the almost tragedy. He was no hater, and the days and days tramping through the woods had taught him many needed lessons.

"Gun! what gun? It's my own gun," he said, to gain thinking time.

"Got it in Toronto."

"Yes, yes, o' course you did. But Toronto ain't at the bottom of the river."

"Oh, you mean how I happened to save the rifle? It was my sort of luck. When the canoe went over I grabbed as a man only can grab when he feels cold water rushing over him, and as luck would have it, I caught hold of the very thing that would drown me if anything could. I must have frozen to it, for when I came to I had a firm hold on it, and the cartridge belt around my waist."

This seemed satisfactory and reasonable, and Temple inwardly congratulated himself on so easily getting out of what might have been a tight corner.

Afterwards the conversation became general, and Temple was soon tilted comfortably back against a bale of woollen stuff, pulling away at a brier root, and feeling satisfied with himself and all the world.

Two days later he shook "good-bye" with every



"I GUESS YOU WERE NOT EXPECTING ME?"

person at the post, and made off through the woods for home.

Some days later the modern Jove, a natty, pale-faced youth, sped the lightning across a thousand miles that told the widow her son had been raised from the dead.

When Philip Temple found that Jewell had gone to London he was glad.

"I will meet him there, and among strangers we will make up this foolish matter. Charlie will not be so embarrassed if we two are alone, and a couple of weeks' excitement in the great city may rub all hard thoughts and reproaches from our minds."

It was November when Temple reached London.

When he left home no word had come from Jewell, and so he had arranged for the address to be cabled to his hotel. When he arrived in London the message awaited him.

Calling the waiter he gave him the address and asked the best way to reach it.

"It's Regent's Park way, sir; 'bus from Charing Cross; but it's a long drive, and the 'buses don't go very near the street; your best way is to take a 'ansom, sir."

Temple acted on the advice, and when he knocked at the door of Jewell's lodging place it was opened by a loquacious female.

"He's just this minute gone, sir, a-walking in the park. He's always walking in the park. Are you a friend of his, sir?"

"Yes."

"I'm glad you've come, sir, for I don't think he's quite well. I won't say anything more about it, sir, but he's been very down 'earted, sir, very down 'earted; and between you and me, sir, my 'usband says—well, me and him were both afraid that he might do something that would give the 'ouse a bad name, sir. Lodgers is very particular, sir. They don't like a 'ouse with a 'istory, sir."

"Do you know where he walks?"

"They say 'e mostly walks across the grass and under the trees, keeping away from the paths like, sir, towards the Zoo, sir. 'E's a good lodger, that I'll say for 'im. 'E don't make trouble, sir."

"I have no doubt I'll find him," Temple said. "If he returns, don't tell him anyone called. I will come back shortly if I do not meet him."

November in London is hard enough on the spirits of a native of the city, but to poor Jewell, in a strange, great place, alone with his thoughts and his conscience, the effect was disastrous. His spirits, already low enough, kept sinking, sinking, as the days crawled slowly along. Several times in the last week he had taken from his pocket a small nickel-plated revolver and looked earnestly at it. The very afternoon Temple called he had carefully looked to the cartridges and snapped the trigger at a dummy to see that it worked aright. Putting the weapon in his pocket he shut the front door and made off in the gathering gloom towards the broad Regent's Park. It began to rain a little, a depressing drizzle, as he turned into the park. Paying no attention to this, he strode off across the grass, avoiding the foot-passengers who were hurrying in all directions to escape the wet. He was thinking deeply; thinking of home and of himself.

"It will go hard with the old folk. If it were not for them I could soon settle matters." Seeking the shelter of a tree, he leaned against it, his forehead pressed close to the rough bark. The minutes flew past, and all the time his hand nervously played with the weapon in his pocket. Suddenly he straightened up. His face blanched and his nails dug into the very bark of the tree. Floating on the murky air like a ghost came the cry of a loon.

"My God!" Jewell said in a hoarse whisper, "it follows me, it follows me, everywhere. I must outrun it now for all time." As he drew the weapon he turned half around, and there, standing before him, he saw with mistaken understanding the shape of his companion.

Before Philip Temple, spring as he did, could prevent it, the suicidal shot was fired. Jewell fell dead at the feet of the friend whom he had taken for a ghost. And the loon in the Zoo cried unceasingly all through the night.



FLOATING ON THE MURKY AIR LIKE A GHOST CAME THE CRY OF A LOON.

A Song of Christmas.

HEART of mine! from the store divine
Of the memories dear you hold,
Sing me a song that is sweet and strong
Of the Christmas days of old!

Sing of the eager heart and eye
As the season of joy drew near;
And we marked the lessening days go by,
When the sun rose late in the winter sky,
With never a backward thought or sigh
For the waning year!

Sing of the morn that our Lord was born
As it came in the days of youth,
When the bells rang sweet down the village street,
Their tidings of joy and truth!
Sing of the drifted fields of white,
Of the crisp and buoyant air;
Of the country roads packed hard and tight,
Of the loaded sleighs and the faces bright,
Of the rosy girls and the laughter light,
And the greetings fair!

Sing of the hall where we gathered all,
With never a vacant place;
Father and mother and sister and brother,
And each with a smiling face.
Sing of the thankful hearts sincere
For the board so nobly laid;
Of the boundless cheer of the garnered year,
Of the ample roasts and the home-brewed beer,
Of the stingless jest and the laughter clear,
And the joy we made!

Sing of the night and the rare delight,
Of the dance and the romping game!
Of the moments fleet, and the twinkling feet
In the blaze of the pine-log's flame!
Of the time whose memories now are keen
As the poignant sense of love;
Of the berried boughs and the evergreen,
The last cup round and the parting scene,
Of the last guest gone, with the miles between
And the stars above!

Charles Gordon Rogers

The WHEEL OF DESTINY



BY KATHERINE L. JOHNSTON.

"IF you keep me waiting much longer, Nell, I'll jab a penknife into your tire and go off without you."

"If I could get someone else's brother to ride with me, instead of my own, I shouldn't get scolded for forgetting my second hat-pin," Helen responded.

"Does it take two spikes to keep that blamed hideousness on your head?"

"Tisn't hideousness: it's a walking-hat. Probably you'd prefer a hat some yards in circumference, with nine large feathers and seven undulations in the brim. So should I—to have my portrait painted. But I'm not riding in the interests of art. Are you ready now?"

"No; I've forgotten my cigar-case."

"So I'm ready first, after all," she said sweetly, as her brother plunged into the house again. She led her wheel down to the gate and waited while he tracked the cigar-case to its lair.

"We'll go west, I suppose, Jack," she said, when he joined her; "out through High Park and down to the lake shore? Oh, Saint Asphalt!" as the wheels passed from the brief purgatory of old cedar blocks to the smoothness of a self-respecting thoroughfare.

Helen probably meant, in saying that she did not ride in the interests of art, that she thought better of her appearance in some other garb and occupation, but several miles of riding in cool spring air did not detract from her prettiness, and when they sat down to rest on the lake beach and Jack got his cigar well going, he told her she didn't look any uglier than usual. This from a brother was quite enough to justify mental comparisons with her namesake of Troy, and Helen was glad to remember it afterwards.

"Do you know," Jack began, then broke off. "I suppose if I put my head in your lap those fellows over yonder might think we weren't brother and sister. Well, I won't then—but it would be more comfortable. D—arn convention!"

"If you swear I'll go home."

"So will I, presently. Just wait till I finish my cigar. Oh, I had something to tell you. I met your old sweetheart the other day."

"My old sweetheart!" The frank astonishment and amusement on Helen's face would have been comforting to any new sweetheart, had one existed to see it.

"Yes—Grif Leonard."

"Oh, Griffith. You actually startled me into wondering if I could possibly have had a sweetheart without knowing it. Griffith—it's about fifteen years since he went away, isn't it? Did you know him, Jack?"

"Not at once," Jack answered. "But he knew me; said I looked like you."

"He always had a touch of blarney."

"Yes, but it's stupid of him to say civil things of you behind your back, Helen."

"Oh, he knew you'd be proud enough to repeat it. Is he back to stay?" she asked.

"Yes, I think so. He's living with some cousins of his, the Nelsons. Oh, and he and young Nelson have got bikes, too." Here Helen listened with sisterly patience to a description of the "make" of these bicycles, and of several others that the subject suggested to Jack. Then she considered herself entitled to say what was in her mind, regardless of its interest for the listener, which, if both parties thereto are willing to play fair, is not so bad a substitute for real conversation as one would think.

"Do you ever reflect, Jack, that you and I aren't mixed up—much—with things?"

"Things?" Jack said hazily.

"Yes, big things. You recollect—'Bribe, murder, marry, but steer clear of ink?' It's bad advice, of course, but it indicates the sort of thing people deal with, people who are—in the universe, you know."

"Bribery, murder and marriage—thanks, outside will do for me."

"Oh, yes, and for me. But suppose one had something big like that in one's mind, as part of one—would the lake and the sky look the same?" Jack stopped smoking and looked at them a moment.

"They never do twice, anyway" he answered.

"Your eyes are some use to you, I believe. But if they did look the same twice now, they'd look the same, and they'd look different then, don't you think?"

"'Beam' the world, yet a blank all the same,
Framework which waits for a picture to frame,"

Jack suggested out of his memory.

"No! Oh, goodness, no. Do you call that"—with a comprehensive gesture that included the landscape for several miles in all directions—"a blank?"

"No, not me."

"I didn't mean that the scenery hadn't a soul, you know." Helen struggled impatiently with language, and Jack, though he understood well enough, pursued his advantage.

"Never mind, Nell—'This path so soft to pace shall lead, through the magic of May to—himself—indeed.'" Helen got up.

"As if that were all, you blessed young lunatic." She led her wheel back to the road.

"You needn't be in such a hurry," he called after her. "The cinder-path is not so soft; maybe it won't lead—"

"Shut up," said Helen, sisterly and conclusively, hopping into her saddle.

Jack caught up with her in a few moments and suggested riding back through the Park, as they had come.

"Yes, it's prettier. But I'll walk up that hill. You can put your arm



"I MET YOUR OLD SWEETHEART THE OTHER DAY."

around a tree when you get to the top if you don't want to dismount, and wait for me."

Jack said he looked like putting his arm around a tree, and Helen laughed and said he looked like any lunacy. But once in the Park, and riding away from the lake, her thought reverted to her earlier impression. She turned her head lakewards again. Should she, next time she came, look at that sapphire belt with a free mind?

"Look out, Nell; look out!"

"I beg your pardon, madam; are you hurt?"

"No; are you?" The usual formula, and Helen found herself afoot and clinging to her bicycle handles after one of her very quickest dismounts. The man she had nearly run into had dismounted quite as quickly and was standing with his cap off trying to look apologetic.

"I am very sorry," he said. "Are you sure you're not hurt?"

"Quite sure; and it was entirely my fault."

"You bet it was," Jack said. "Why don't you get on your wheel backwards if you want to look that way?"

"Or I might hire someone else to ride it for me if I were really public-spirited," she said, then turned again to the stranger with a view to apologizing once more and letting him get on his way.

"It really was very stupid of me," she said, lifting her eyes. "Why, it's Griffith." Her face brightened with a cordial welcome as she gave him her hand.

"Get out of people's way," Jack struck in. "I was wondering when you'd catch on that it was Griffith, and meanwhile six men have ridden around you with six large scowls." They moved off on the grass, Griffith protesting to Helen that it was quite worth being knocked off his wheel to see her a few days sooner than he had expected.

"Were you riding alone, Grif?" Jack asked.

"No, Nelson was with me. Why didn't you knock him off too, Helen?"

"I was only able to knock off one man," Helen answered, and it was months before Griffith knew whether she meant to imply a choice on her part.

"He's on ahead; he'll turn back when he misses me," Griffith said coolly. "Let's wait here." Helen noted mentally that men were rather inconsiderate of their chums, but concluded that they forgave each other easily. However, it wasn't her fault, she thought (which was only true in one sense), so she sat down under the trees with the others and they began talking. Though they were mere children when they parted, they fell easily into the old intimacy of speech. About the time when young Nelson began to wonder why Leonard was quiet for so long, and looked over his shoulder to learn that he had been deserted, the base deserter was saying:

"Yes, I remember the plays we acted; Helen wrote most of them. I used to wonder how she knew so many big words."

"Oh, I didn't write them myself," Helen protested. "They were made out of the stories we read."

"Yes, I know. But I thought you were awfully clever. My own vocabulary was monosyllabic in those days."

"Monosyllabic!" echoed Jack. "D'ye remember what you said to Helen after we'd finished acting the play she made out of *The Lady of the Lake*, and you gave her back Fitz-James' ring—that you made out of a black bone coat-button?"

Helen lifted her watch-guard and displayed this gift. "There it is yet," she said.

"What did I say?" asked Griffith, knowing he could not stop Jack's telling, though he remembered what he said and had seen the ring within two minutes of his dismounting.

"Let's see how it went: 'Lady, if this weak arm can ever aid thee, send me this ring and I will come, though it be from the ends of the earth.' What a precious set of kids we were!"

"Why, I think that's quite clever," Helen said. "It was nice of him to promise to come from the other end of nowhere by return of mail. It was quite a pretty piece of make-believe."

"There's Nelson," Jack said, leaning forward to look down the road.

"It was somewhat unnaturally expressed, purposely, I remember," Griffith said in a low voice, "but it was not make-believe, Helen, then nor now." The idiocy of this last statement did not strike either of them, though it did occur to Helen that if one wanted a friend's help very much one might send a note through the post.

So poor young Nelson came—too late. Perhaps he was ten minutes too late, perhaps fifteen years, or perhaps the whole of eternity, just according to one's theory of these things. But he came up, unconscious of this, and looked no more at the lake or anything else with a free mind.

Griffith plunged boldly into explanation and introduction, and young Nelson seemed to condone the desertion quite readily, Helen thought. Unfortunately, he was already beginning to sympathize with the reason for it. In other words, his comment, if truth were always uttered, would have been, "You'd have been a fool to do anything else." But he said instead:

"Oh, it's all right, you lazy duffer. I had a good spin by myself."

He walked up the hill with Helen, pleading weariness after his spin—five minutes of graceful, commonplace talk. At the top, where Jack and Griffith waited, he yielded place to the right of old acquaintance. Helen soberly let Griffith assist her to mount, perhaps not sorry to have this proof that he hadn't ridden much with girls. Jack told him that that wheel was not a perambulator, but Griffith missed the import of this oblique information.

Three of them found that ride home easy to remember afterwards. Nelson

remembered it most vividly. He told Jack, as he watched the two young figures skimming on ahead, that his sister rode unusually well, and then confined his conversation to responses. Perhaps that was why, when Jack reached home, he felt that the world owed him some amusement. He tried to get it, while he and Helen were putting their wheels away, by saying, with an emphasized rising inflection:

"Beamy the world, yet a blank all the same?"

But she answered innocently, "Is your Browning so badly punctuated? There's no interrogation mark there in mine."

II.

That ride was the first of many rides, and the precursor of much summer jaunting. Nelson's sisters joined the little party, and through the chance of grouping, Nelson himself was sometimes Helen's companion. But he never schemed for this. Slow in understanding people, and usually shy of trusting his own judgment, he yet was quick-sighted enough here to know that it was useless to try his fortune. Nevertheless, he promised himself he would some



"WHY, IT'S GRIFFITH."

day; he thought he had that right. After all, one can never be sure of knowing another person's mind, and he held the popular superstition that a girl's mind was hard to know. During that summer he found life more engrossing than enjoyable. But for Helen and Griffith there were no clouds. "The light that never was on sea or land" seemed only their birthright, and no words were needed to confirm it. None were spoken, indeed, till quite late in the fall, when an accident put an end for a time to Helen's outings. She was assisting in the highly disturbing work of house-cleaning one bright autumn morning, when she came suddenly to grief, owing to over-confidence in an unsteady-minded step-ladder, and was ordered to keep her room for a week.

"I'm not much hurt," she said to the girls who came to see her. "It's only the least little bit of a sprained ankle, but mamma says a rest will do me good—I don't remember saying I wanted a rest—and papa says I'd be hopping all over the place like a tame crow if they let me come downstairs, so I'm a prisoner." Her face brightened wickedly. "But at night, when everybody's in bed, Jack carries me down to the kitchen and we carouse on crackers and milk."

"You shouldn't grumble," the girls assured her. "You have lots of books, and such lovely flowers." On the table stood a tall glass full of sweet-peas, Griffith's gift. (Nelson's exquisite roses had been sent downstairs to decorate the dining-table, which caused Helen's family to think she was unselfish.) A few books, in unmistakable new pale-colored binding, lay near the flowers, also the gifts of the same two friends.

"Yes, don't they get them up prettily now?" she said, picking up one of these. "Oh, I'm not in such very bad luck." The worst of her luck she did not complain of, though possibly some of the girls guessed. She was debarred from seeing Griffith for a whole week.

Towards the end of this week one of Nelson's sisters, when she rose to go after a long chat, laid a letter on the table.

"George asked me to give you this," she said, hesitating a moment as she put it down, then added wistfully, "I wish it was some use, dear." She kissed Helen quickly and went away.

I am afraid Helen noted chiefly the last sentence of the letter: "I won't trouble you to write. Ask your brother to give me your answer; I shall see him to-morrow."

Unluckily, when Jack went into his sister's room that evening he had just returned from a long walk with Griffith; and Griffith had been somewhat outspoken, thinking, indeed, that he could tell Jack little he didn't know, and restless in his enforced absence from Helen. So Jack was ready to jump to conclusions when his sister spoke, with her eyes down.

"That friend of yours wrote me to-day and asked me to answer through you instead of writing."

"Oh, did he write? He spoke to me, but I didn't understand that he had written; I thought he meant to wait till you were well."

"Jack, you'll tell him I can't possibly marry him. Tell him I'm sorry."

"You can't? Blowed if I understand girls. Never mind, 'tisn't your fault. I'm glad we're not going to lose you so soon. Good night."

The next day Jack faithfully delivered this message to Griffith, who wondered somewhat, not having intended to propose through Jack, but kept his own counsel and asked no questions, finding the fact enough. He pondered on the matter for several days, while Nelson waited and wondered if it wasn't usual to answer proposals of marriage immediately, and finally, concluding that something was wrong, wrote again. The result of Griffith's pondering was a resolve to go away for a little while; he didn't like the look of the streets any more, and he thought he could give himself a short holiday. So he arranged for this, and, hearing from Jack that Helen was downstairs again, went to say good-bye to her. After half an hour's trivial talk—misery on his part, mystification on hers—he rose.

"It is only good-bye for a couple of weeks," he said, and she wondered at the sudden depth and beauty of his tones and thought of the man who could make his congregation cry by saying "Mesopotamia." "But I shall not see so much of you, I'm afraid, when I return, for I shall be very busy this winter." Helen's wonder gave way to a sharp conviction. The pity and pathos of his voice, the Mesopotamia tone, were for her.

"But that will be good for your business, if you have to work too hard to play with us."

"Good for my business? Oh, yes, but that isn't all one hoped for, Helen." Mesopotamia again. "But I won't bother you with that. Good-bye." He had never failed to "bother" her with his aspirations before, she remembered, but she had not the voice to remind him that that was what friendship was for.

A very few minutes after this interview had ended, Jack came into the hall. Helen had just limped to the stair-foot and she turned at his voice.

"I met the postman outside," he said; "here's a letter for you. Why,



"DO YOU THINK I'M AN IDIOT?"

what in thunder are you looking like that for? Does your foot hurt?" Helen opened her letter—Nelson's deferential suggestion that he hadn't heard from her.

"Jack; look here, Jack! Didn't you give this boy my message?" Jack read the note helplessly.

"George Nelson! Is he in it too? No, I never heard a cheep out of him. I told Griffith."

"Griffith! Told Griffith that I wouldn't marry him?" Jack wanted a camera when he saw her face, but prudently didn't say so.

"Yes, Grif, of course. I thought that was what you meant."

Then Helen said, for violence of speech seems to be the only way of reaching one's brother's intelligence:

"Do you think I'm an idiot?" And Jack understood this time.

"Never mind, Nell; he's gone towards the station, hasn't he? I'll catch him for you." He took up his hat and vanished, while his sister stood waiting—on one foot, let us hope.

She had not long to wait, for Griffith was walking slowly and Jack was a speedy messenger. When they reached the gate the latter said briefly:

"You go on in. I've got to go and see Nelson," and Griffith went up the garden walk and into the hall alone.

Two hours later, when Jack returned from "seeing Nelson," he found his sister and Griffith sitting on the stairs, while the train that should have carried Griffith away went plunging disconsolately through the country without him.





THE WATCHERS AT THE STRAIT GATE.

From the painting by Mrs. Anna Lea Merritt.

MADE OF ETHER

"ISSY," said Miss Lisbeth, "you may go out to-night; I shall not want you."

Issy did not betray any marked degree of rapture, the permission not being wholly unexpected; she rubbed her nose reflectively and nodded several times.

"And, Issy, you need not be back before eleven; I shall be rather busy," continued Miss Lisbeth with a slow flush in her withered cheek. "And here is a dollar you may spend as you like."

"Thank you, ma'am," said Issy, still unsurprised, as well she might be, for the whole performance had been repeated without the alteration of a word every 5th of January for the last ten years. Indeed, it had become part and parcel of the existences of both mistress and maid. Had no word been said Issy would have departed at precisely six o'clock and Miss Lisbeth would have betaken herself to her mysterious occupation. Between ourselves Issy had, of late years, begun to fancy that if she were called upon to shuffle off this mortal coil on that particular date, the angel at the Golden Gates would have greeted her with, "You need not come up before eleven, as I shall be busy, and here's a dollar to spend as you like."

However that might be, she asked no questions, and, shutting the door behind her at six o'clock, Miss Lisbeth was left alone. Poor Miss Lisbeth!

"Her somewhat narrow forehead braided tight
As if for taming accidental thoughts
From possible pulses. Brown hair pricked with grey,

A nose drawn sharply, yet in delicate lines,
A close mild mouth, a little soured about
The ends.
Eyes of no color
Cheek in which was yet a rose
Of perished summers, like a rose in a book,
Kept more for ruth than pleasure if past bloom
Past fading also."

She had been the eldest of five sisters, of whom three were married at some distance, while the fourth, in the sweet old scriptural phrase, "Was not." Miss Lisbeth herself had never soured, as the term goes; she had simply wilted into a loveless middle age. She had never had a lover and never betrayed any anxiety to have one. Her sisters' affairs had filled her youth and young womanhood, for she was an unselfish soul, and now she found herself stranded high and dry on the shores of solitude, like an old wreck that had gone to pieces on its first voyage without a chance to prove its power and prowess. Issy was all that remained to her of the springtime of life. They had been young girls together, mistress and maid, and now they were old women together with the former relations unchanged. So the monotonous life in the cottage sped on year by year, always, as I have said, marked by some peculiar rite or ceremony on that particular date—Miss Lisbeth's birthday. And here it had come around again!

Miss Lisbeth watched from the window as Issy's plump figure dawdled leisurely down the path and disappeared beneath the snow-covered elm at the gate. When the old maid turned from the window her face was curiously changed. Her eyes, no longer pale, shone and sparkled; her bent back was straight and almost youthful, and she actually gave a little skip as she hastily pulled down the blind, for the winter afternoon was changing to dusk.

"I have just time to get tea," she said aloud; "I thought she would never go!"

She stepped briskly to the little dining-room and covered the round table with a snowy cloth; in the middle of the table she placed a vase of Christmas roses and trailing hot-house vines, and with the greatest care and neatness laid two places, though not far apart.

"Let me see—shall it be apricot or strawberry preserve?" she said, with the key of her jam cupboard pressed reflectively to her lip. "What was it last time? Oh, quince! Well, this time it shall be both. He is very fond of apricot." And she laid out a generous supply.

Every inch of silver and glass on the table was polished to the utmost brilliancy, from the silver napkin-rings to the epergne of flowers; and when Miss Lisbeth added to the feast a pair of

boned chickens, a plate of smoking muffins and an enormous frosted cake bedecked with cupids and doves and artificial orange blossoms, she could not refrain from clapping her hands at the pleasant spectacle it presented. "Now I shall put the tea-pot on the trivet," she said, glancing at the clock, "and then I shall just have time to dress!" She hurried briskly away, but returned to light a softly shaded lamp and then trotted upstairs at quite a juvenile speed.

The little room was still, save for the crackle of the flames which shone cheerfully on the many points of light Miss Lisbeth had evoked from spoon and preserve-dish, till they blinked like a hundred bright little eyes all watching—watching for the guest who was to come.

Half an hour went by and there came a rustle on the stairs, not aggressively loud as is the fashion with women nowadays, but soft, subdued and soothing. The rustle was followed by Miss Lisbeth—a glorified Miss Lisbeth, resplendent in the garments of nearly half a century ago, glistening with embroidery, dainty with frills and billows of lace, her hair dressed fantastically high over a tortoiseshell comb, her wrinkled neck bedecked with a shining necklet. She raised her hand to her face, and on its third finger glittered a plain golden hoop that looked like a wedding ring. One could almost believe that the little tea-kettle started back in astonishment at this vision, for it fell over into the coals and hissed loudly. Miss Lisbeth righted it and gave a hasty glance at the table to see that all was right, and then, drawing forward a large pair of carpet slippers embroidered with the monogram E. M., she propped them cosily against a footstool to warm. She unfolded, too, a fresh newspaper and hung that to warm, and finally sat down patiently to wait, with her eyes on the clock.

"Eustace is late," she said with a little childish nod and smile that sat strangely on her worn old face, "but he likes to keep me waiting; he knows his welcome will be all the warmer."

At five minutes to seven she began making excited trips to the window, remarking on his lateness and hazarding various feminine surmises as to what could have kept him. At seven she proceeded to the cellar and gravely pulled the front door bell-wire till it rang a loud peal over the quiet little house. Miss Lisbeth was in the hall almost before the wire had ceased trembling and had flung open the door with a glad cry:

"Here you are at last, Eustace! How late you are! Come in, come in, tea is all ready." A gust of wind brushed past her; no one was there! Nevertheless Miss Lisbeth's hands moved as though she were divesting someone of hat and coat. She did, in fact, hang a man's hat on the rack, but it was one she had brought downstairs with her. Still leading her invisible guest, she walked towards the dining-room, and stopping at the door she blushed and cried:

"Don't! Well, one more, then!" as though he had kissed her. Upon those phantom feet Miss Lisbeth then placed the slippers, laying aside an imaginary pair of boots and resting her hand for a moment on an imaginary knee, as she asked tenderly of the chairback:

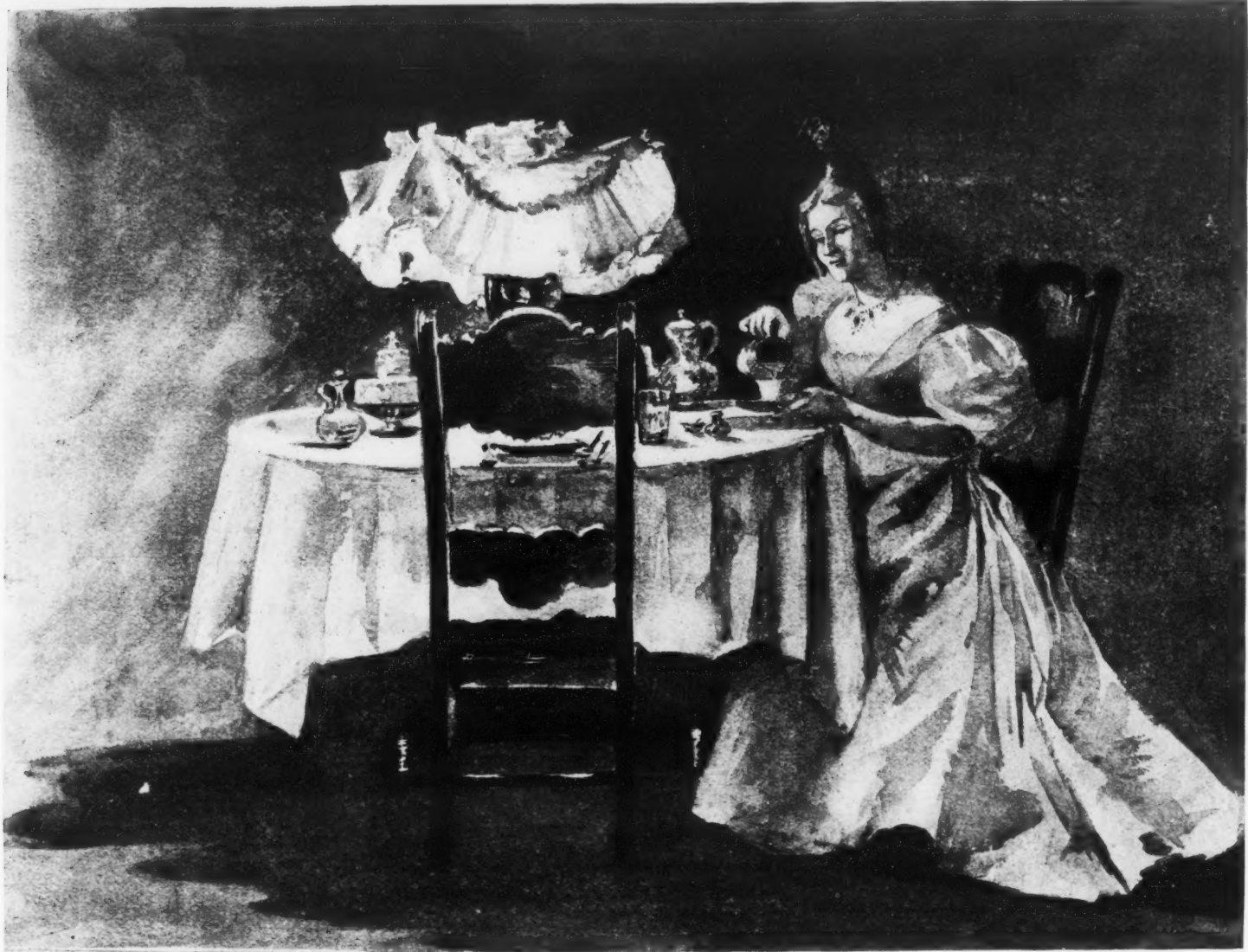
"Any worries? You look pale, my darling; but you will feel refreshed after your tea."

She sat beside him at the pretty meal, helping him daintily to all the choicest morsels and eating quite heartily herself. She told him scraps of gossip and chit-chat she had picked up



"HERE YOU ARE AT LAST, EUSTACE!"





SHE TOLD HIM SCRAPS OF GOSSIP.

during the day, and sweetened his tea when it would appear she had not sugared it sufficiently. It was her birthday party, you see, and each succeeding year she invited this one guest—the husband she had somehow missed! She called him Eustace Montessor, and embroidered the slippers accordingly. The name had been gleaned from a cheap novel, and the wedding ring bought from an adjacent jeweler. The hat had been the most difficult of all to manage, and she would have liked to have gone farther and procured other garments but that her maiden soul rebelled in spite of herself, and she sewed buttons on a strip of flannel instead with perfect propriety. She was not mad, this strange old maid—she was simply a woman with a strong imagination and histrionic abilities which would have shocked her had she been aware of them; but she was not, and played her tragic little farce with each succeeding year. At first she had been simply seized with a desire to know what it “felt like to be married,” and in her lonely moments

had gone through the marriage service with Eustace as gravely as if it were indeed a binding ceremony with priest and ring and book. After that she conceived the idea of devoting one evening of the year to her phantom husband, and now the habit had become part of her, whether to her mental derangement or to her moral peace, who shall say?

When tea was over Miss Lisbeth drew two chairs close to each other before the fire.

“Sit down, Eustace,” she said; “this is the part of the day I always enjoy most of all.”

Eustace presumably sat down, for Miss Lisbeth took the other chair and, unfolding the paper, proceeded to read the leader and one or two foreign articles aloud. The phantom had no settled business, but hovering, as he did, between heaven and earth, his wife judged that he might be expected to take an interest in most things. He appeared, at any rate, to find the process

soothing, for Miss Lisbeth's voice grew slower and softer and finally died away into silence, and she sat gazing into the glowing coals, with a smile on her face and her left hand resting on the arm of the neighboring chair. For half an hour the clock ticked stridently on the silence, and then Eustace might be supposed to awake. Miss Lisbeth brought a little account book and slipped down on the footstool, rather stiffly, if the truth must be told.

“I know you will not be vexed, dear, but the accounts are rather large this year. You see, the doctor's bill was more than we expected and—there, I knew you would forgive me, you are always so good. What? Did you say you heard something? Was it *baby*?”

She sprang up from the footstool and hurried to the foot of the stairs on tip-toe with a finger on her lip.

“She is stirring, Eustace. I will go up. You won't mind being left alone for a moment. What? Foolish boy! Very well, I shall not be long.”

Then softly on the silent house came a gentle creak, like the sound of a rocking-chair swinging somewhere in the darkness. And to its strange accompaniment grew a little foolish song, breathed in a feeble old voice, a lullaby:

“Then butterfly, flutterby, lullaby baby,
Off into the kingdom of Dreaming and Sleep,
The blue of the sky slid right under her eyelid,
The velvet of pansies right under her cheek.”

Presently Miss Lisbeth came down to the dining-room again, but not as she had gone up. In her arms lay a large wax doll, dressed in exquisite garments of lawn and lace. What love and longing had been worked into those tiny frills and tucks, and what a business it had been to hide the little patterns and embroideries from Issy! Baby had a new dress every year, and this one was particularly gorgeous, for Eustace exclaimed at it as he kissed his daughter.

“Will you get me the rocking-chair from the drawing-room, Eustace?” said Lisbeth, laying down the baby and getting it herself. “Thank you, that will do—not too near the fire, my dearest!” She sat down, holding the doll tenderly and pushed herself to and fro with one foot while she talked softly.

“I have been a little worried about her to-day, her teeth are troubling her; and do you not think she looks a shade feverish? No? Perhaps I am over-



anxious, but since our little Phyllis died—" and here Miss Lisbeth stopped and her eyes grew wet with real tears, for the Phyllis affair had been most realistic and had called forth Eustace's most tender sympathy, for which sole result the demise of the unfortunate phantom had been duly planned and executed.

"I shall never forget, dear, how comforting you were, or how nobly you bore up, and I have always felt that it drew us together as nothing else would have done. No, Eustace, you mustn't kiss me any more; you will wake baby. Does she not look lovely? Look at her feet!"

She delicately turned up the hem of the little gown. It was a risk; the plaster toes were not worthy of an extravagant degree of admiration even to her, and she hastily covered them with a little start and changed the conversation.

"No, dear," she said, in answer to a question from Eustace. "You know I do not object to smoke; neither does baby."

She took a box of cigars from the mantel and thrust the tip of one between the bars of the grate. They were cigars that cost a dollar apiece, but nothing is too good for some people. As the penetrating odor curled to her nostrils Miss Lisbeth closed her eyes and sniffed.

"That makes it real!" she murmured, and put the doll's waxen arm about her neck. The clock struck ten. Miss Lisbeth started.

"It is prayer time, dearest!" she said.

She set three chairs near the door for the servants and rang a bell. She and Eustace read the Psalms for the Evening verse about. Perhaps she filled in the silences, and perhaps the ghostly servants filled in the sound. They should have at any rate, for an open Prayer Book lay on each chair, or should I say each lap? When they knelt to pray, it would seem that the Litany was being read, for Miss Lisbeth repeated "Good Lord deliver us" the orthodox number of times, and glided into "We beseech Thee to hear us, Good Lord,"

as if she really followed the petitions. She said good night to the servants kindly, and then sat down to write a note to herself. She told Eustace she was going to the nursery for a moment to put the baby to bed and would be down again. When she did return she seemed to find the room empty for the first time, for she exclaimed, "Where's Eustace?" and picking up the note read it aloud:

"My Darling Wife,—I hate to leave you without bidding you good night, but there is trouble at the office and they have sent for me. My tenderest love to you and our little blessing.
Your devoted
Eustace."

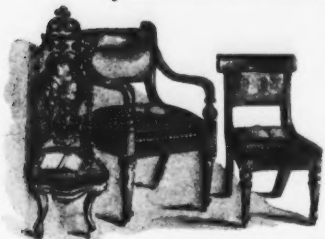
It was, of course, merely a ruse on her part to claim his parting words without the pain of bidding him farewell; it accounted, too, so perfectly to her imagination for the necessity of his absence and was a nice conventional explanation for her future solitude. She ran to the door and flung it open, calling down the dark and snowy garden:

"Good night, my darling; good night!" and he was gone!

Miss Lisbeth changed her dress, aired the dining-room and removed every trace of her visitor, and when Issy came in a little after eleven she only saw Miss Lisbeth sitting quietly before the fire with her hands in her lap.

"I'm sorry I was so long, ma'am," she said; "the snow kept me a bit late. You must have been lonely."

"Oh, no," said Miss Lisbeth softly, looking still at the fire; "I have not been at all lonely."

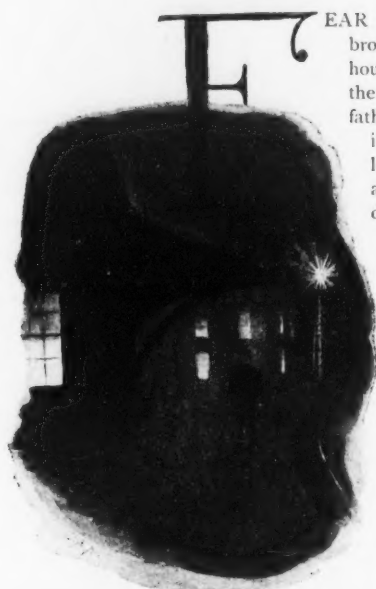


"OH NO, I HAVE NOT BEEN AT ALL LONELY."

FOOT NOTE BY THE EDITOR.—A month after this story was accepted by the editor for publication in these pages, Dr. Andrew Lang wrote in the Illustrated London News as follows, without having any reference to or knowledge of Miss Sullivan's story. We reproduce Dr. Lang's remarks because they come as a coincidence and in corroboration of the possibility of the imaginary Miss Lisbeth: "Nobody will ever know the limits of the untrue things which a woman, not insane, can believe with at least nine-tenths of her consciousness. Some years ago a girl of respectable character and position maintained for years a legend of an engagement. She received letters and presents from her lover; she read parts of the letters to her family; she reported his movements—he was abroad; at last a telegram announced his illness and death. Nay, the report of his decease appeared in the newspapers. But he was a mere Mr. Harris. The young lady had sent the obituary notice herself. I never heard that she was insane in other respects. Nay, I have known men equally capable of self-illusion, to an extent absolutely incredible, if the written documents did not exist, and had not been read by myself. Our consciousness is a queer affair, 'deceitful above all things.' It is never safe to believe in the impossibility of any freak of belief or opinion. Surely 'sanity' is a matter of delicate degrees."

HIS DISCOVERY OF HIMSELF.

BY
E. E. SHEPPARD.



EAR that his watch might be wrong had brought him to the railway station an hour too early. Though he had carried the watch for ten years—ever since his father died—he had not learned to trust it. He had carried his memory much longer—it was twenty-two years old and it had been infallible except when disturbed by his fears—yet he could never be sure that he was right about the time of a train's departure. Now, in the deepening night, he wandered up and down the platform, thinking grimly, restlessly, for the first time almost recklessly, of his future. Tall, dark, conspicuous, his every feature strongly marked, he might have been thought homely. Small, pretty men while envying him would have said he was ugly; the majority of women while impressed by him kept him at a distance. Girls, half-afraid yet strongly attracted, giggled and shyly sought to be near him, though he was too distrustful of himself to notice them. That he did not impress the men with whom he came in contact was perhaps owing to his immaturity, to the odd mingling of *hauteur*, unrest and suspicion which destroyed his dignity. He never drank—his mother had made him afraid of being a drunkard. He had stuck to the farm lest he might be unable to make a living elsewhere. He had thought deeply and studied late, but he had no standard by which to test his knowledge. In books he had had a glimpse of the size and dangers of the great swirling world, and though physically brave he had been so laughed at as the homeliest boy in the district that he had feared to leave the home nest and was abashed by the scrutiny of every stranger. As he grew older and his features and figure developed, he was unaware that he was more than ordinarily attractive, and even the occasional manifestations of boyish recklessness ceased. When death robbed him of his mother and the foreclosure of a mortgage deprived him of the farm, he found a place as a brakeman on a train. This place he lost in an accident near the station along the platform of which he was wandering so uneasily. Before his broken arm was mended the village doctor urged him to apply for the village school, and his surprise at passing the examination to which he was subjected by the directors was even greater than was his success in disciplining his unruly pupils. Boarding at the village tavern, he sat sullenly reading in his room, or walked with unapproachable reticence amidst the evening shadows of the maple-bordered roads rather than join in the rough humor of the shabby sitting-room, where the "schoolmaster" was considered a proper butt for the most improper jokes. At table he watched the pretty waitress with the light brown hair and the deep dark eyes, and wished that she were as gay and familiar with him as with the clerk in Fletcher's general store. He could see no reason why she should prefer the clerk, unless it was that he oiled his hair and perfumed his presence with musk—two things, rude as he was, he could not endure. She seemed also to be on very familiar terms with the lightning-rod agent, and her red lips parted and her white teeth gleamed as she stood behind the chair of that voluble person, repeating the formula, "ros beef muttonchops hammeneggs." She seemed, indeed, to be at ease with everybody but himself, and as he sat in his room or took his lonely walks it was his habit to enquire the reason and to arrange many engaging and amusing things with which to attract her to himself. Of course these efforts were unsuccessful. When he tried to joke with her she betrayed a tendency to grow either impertinent or stiff, and if he insisted on talking she either giggled or pretended not to hear. The giggle suggested that he was ridiculous; her apparent deafness convinced him that in his confusion his remarks had been either inaudible or unintelligible, and as soon as possible he spurned himself from the room. Self-communion after such an experience was always unutterably bitter. Was he such a fright that she could not help laughing at him, or such a fool that she could not understand him or bear to talk to him? His decision was not always in her favor. Egotists who do not comprehend themselves are harsh critics, and though he often hated her he almost invariably despised himself. Occasionally he caught her eye and saw a blush creep up her white and shapely neck and tint those soft cheeks which the heat of the kitchen stove had not yet made unbeautiful. Then he asked himself if he were being distanced simply because he was afraid of himself. Then he became rude and stared at her, and vulgar and joked with her after the style of the

greasy clerk or brazen agent, and was disheartened by observing that this did not better his position, as she invariably snubbed him or stood in dignified silence until he gave his order.

Once when overwhelmed by his loneliness he looked up into her eyes and in an outburst of heart-hunger exclaimed, "I don't want anything but a cup of tea, Maggie; my head aches and I am tired and lonesome." How her voice softened and her eyes moistened as she half-whispered, "I will get you something nice." When she brought it, somehow her hand touched his and she was gentle as she insisted that he should eat something and cheer up. This was at the end of the summer, and after it she was as cold and dignified as of old.

Now his term was over and he was going away. He wore a new suit of ready-made clothing purchased from the oily-haired clerk, and he had fifty dollars in one of the pockets thereof. In the city for which he had bought a ticket he was bound to make his fortune, yet feared that he might be a failure. As he left the tavern he heard the landlady say, "The schoolmaster is looking real handsome, hain't he?" He could not forget the compliment, and as he asked himself how he could be ass enough to distrust his watch and suspect his memory, it occurred to him that he might be wrong in imagining himself to be unattractive. Was his distrust his weakness? He had just resolved that in



WALKED AMIDST THE EVENING SHADOWS OF THE MAPLE BORDERED ROADS.

applying for future positions he would be bold and aggressive, when he almost stumbled against the pretty waiter girl, who had come down to bring the night operator his supper.

"Hallo, Maggie," he exclaimed, as he hastily stepped aside to avoid a collision. He was too near her, and his sudden motion destroyed his balance. To save himself from falling he caught her arm. She made no answer, neither did she try to disengage herself as she would have done had her arm been grasped by the familiar clerk. She pressed her hand against her heart and stood pale and trembling before the semaphore at the end of the long platform where steps led to the hotel path. Emboldened by the darkness and the resolve which had resulted from torturing thoughts, he determined to find out if his self-distrust were to blame for the loneliness of those months when he had so often wished that he might talk to Maggie.

"Are you sorry I am going?" he asked in a tone tremulous with the excitement of saying an unusual thing. The dark, dreamy eyes grew dim with tears and the red lips trembled. He bent down and kissed her clumsily, fearful of a rebuff, but she threw her arms about his neck and she drew his face close to hers; he felt her tears trickling down his cheek. "Do you love me?" she whispered.

He almost laughed in the new and strange elation of his conquest and at the idea of him in love with the waiter girl of a village tavern. Yet he answered tenderly, the words seeming to frame themselves, "Yes, dear. Have you not always known it?"

"No," she sobbed "I was afraid—" "Afraid to be good to me, eh? Well, don't be afraid any more, Maggie. Come with me to the city. I will take care of you till you get a situation."

Her hands loosened from about his neck and the dreamy brown eyes looked up into his face, but she made no reply. He put his arms around her, pressed her to him and kissed the trembling lips, but she made no answer. His face reddened, and his lips and his voice refused to produce a tender tone as he

"THE SCHOOLMASTER IS LOOKING REAL HANDSOME, HAIN'T HE?"

whispered awkwardly, "Come on, Maggie. I will be good to you." As he drew himself up her gentle eyes sank before the bold and burning glance of the schoolmaster; she bent down and, with one hand pressed against her throbbing heart, picked up the basket and ran to the station with the night operator's supper.

Next morning the clerk noticed that Maggie's face was pale and her eyes swollen, and he made a remark to that effect to the lightning-rod agent, but she stood behind their chairs as usual, making enquiry as to their preference as to "ros beef muttonchop hammeneggs." Though the schoolmaster had discovered himself he had also been discovered.



"ROS BEEF MUTTONCHOPS HAMMENEGGS."



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TIRED OUT.

The Hero.

ON Queenston's hill we reared thy lofty shrine,
Where sleeps thy fiery heart, our gallant Brock;
Our many-voiced acclaim shall here unlock
Time's chest of honors, proffering what is thine.
Thy name is with the glorious names that shine
O'er war's red flood, a beacon on a rock.
Thy soul, which bore its hour's consummate shock,
All-valorous, thou didst to fame consign.
Sheathed be the blade; nor seek through blood a name.
Thy foes are of thy household; mingled rife
Through hourly needs there rings the vital strife
With doubt and sin, the lust of honor, shame:
O soul, live greatly; thy self-conquering life
Shall breathe an inextinguishable fame.

REUBEN BUTCHART.

The Frosts of Age.

AH! see the fiery spirit burn!
The wild, aspiring rage, discern!
The soul on wings of impulse borne,
By heaven-striving passion torn;
Ambition's eagle-pinioned flight;
The conscious glow of nascent might;
The molten thoughts, the mad desires,
The burst of frenzy-kindled fires,
Ah, this is Youth!

But flames so fierce have ne'er the eye
Of man appalled, but burned to die:
The fire of Youth, the quenchless will,
The madness, frenzy, calm and still,
Lie dead below the Winter's snow
And Frosts of Age.

Yea, e'en this world of throbbing life,
In turmoil plunged, convulsed with strife
Of struggling souls; the ceaseless roar
As races, nations surging pour
Their turbid streams into the Void
Of Time: the sun, effete, destroyed
With weary years, when his death throes
Have plunged these planets in repose;
All Nature's frame, her mighty spheres,
Now hurtling on their vast careers;
The works of man, his perished race,—
In icebound, frozen seas of space,
Lie dead below the Winter's snow
And Frosts of Age.

SAMUEL MABER.

Cecilia's Eyes.

WHO knoweth the blue of the frail harebells
That cling to a pillar gray
In the roofless nave of an abbey old,
And look on the choir alway?

The hue they may seem of the azure sky
That arches the ruined fane—
The eyes of a rose white girl are they
Made dim by her love's deep pain.

The eyes of a girl in their azure bells
Keep watch from the place alway
Where, sweet as a rose in the olden time
She knelt with her beads to pray;

Keep watch of the vacant crumbling choir,
Long since where a young monk sang,
Where, clear as the voice of a skyward lark
His Jubilate Deo rang,

The while that she knelt in the peaceful light
The dim, stained glass let through,
Whose face as a rose from its sheath was sweet,
Whose eyes were the harebells' blue;

Whose eyes were the blue of the frail harebells,
But ah, that they sought alway
A face that the saints from her gaze would shield
With a cowl of monkish gray;

And ah, that the saints from her heart could hear
No prayer but a wordless cry,
A cry from the depths of a maiden love
For a love the saints deny.

Long past is the time when the youthful monk
Went forth to his endless rest,
And found, in the radiant angels' choir
His place with the good and blest.

But what of the soul of the rose sweet girl?
Who now her abode can tell?
Doth she fare afar with the holy saints,
Or dwell in the blue harebell?

But though she abide with the saints, I ween
She sees not the face most dear
Where she wanders dark in the sight of him
Whom her eyes seek ever here.

GERTRUDE BARTLETT.

Christmas.

SOME days are tragic and more dark than night,
The sun's last glimmering beam seems to have fled,
The latest spark of all—the soul—seems dead,
And followed by thick gloom departs delight;
But Christmas is the day—fair, rapturous, bright,
Heaven's holiest halos seem around it shed,
The perfect happinesses through it spread,
Thrill as the dreams wov'n of the soft twilight.
Its mighty pleasures are for it alone;
Let each his meed of golden bliss enjoy,
Lest pleasures formed for ends, which they knew not,
Please now no more, but, being aside thrown,
Become instead great griefs which gods annoy,
As through all times they roll with sorrows fraught.

ALBERT R. J. F. HASSARD.

Will I Forget?

WILL I forget?
You ask me in the twilight
Of this sad day of tears and vain regret,
And you I'll answer thus whenever you ask me
With these same wistful words,
Will I forget?

Will I forget?
When hope is strong within me
Will years still leave your thought unanswered yet?
When others love and others have forgotten
I, who no longer grieve,
Will I forget?

Will I forget?
Yet when you see me passing
With smiling lips or eyes with glad tears wet,
Weep in your heart stilled from its faint repentance,
E'en so be not too sure
That I forget.

MARJORY MACMURCHY.

Winter Snows.

SCARCE have tiny songsters trilled
All their praise of bud and bloom,
When their liquid notes are stilled,
And, to shroud them in the tomb,
Comes, from gloomy heights, the snow—
Silently—a spotless flow!

Tender breezes scarce have told
All their love in Flora's ear,
When their ardors chill, and cold—
Cold the breath of Winter drear,
Fades the sun and falls the snow—
Silently—a spotless flow!

Dulcet echoes of the past
Seem to sing of yesterday,
While the touch of Time is fast
Changing locks of gold to gray.
Summer, Autumn—then the snow—
Silently—a spotless flow!

Life, that runs with rosy feet
All aglow in Summer bliss,
Runs the magic Frost to meet,
And must lay her hand in his.
Comes, to hand and cheek, the snow—
Silently—a spotless flow!

JAMES C. McNALLY.

Queenston Heights and the Death of Brock.

BY LIEUT.-COL. GEORGE T. DENISON.

"He showed our might, he led our arms, he conquered though he fell—
He gave up all he had—his life—for the land he loved so well."

—WHITE.

ALL nations have their national heroes. The Swiss venerate the memory of William Tell, the Scotch reverence the name of Wallace, Dimitry Donskoi still lives in the hearts of the Russian people, and Canadians will always preserve a grateful remembrance of the gallant services of Sir Isaac Brock. As years roll on and the history of the period becomes better known and understood, so will Brock's name shine out with brighter lustre and become more firmly fixed in the affections of those for whose freedom he died.

To thoroughly understand the grandeur of Brock's character and the far-reaching results of his influence upon the history of our country, it is necessary to understand thoroughly the exact condition of affairs at the time when such great responsibilities were thrown upon him. In the spring of 1812 the outlook for England and her empire was most gloomy. She had been engaged in an almost life and death struggle, with a slight intermission, for nineteen years. Her national debt had increased in that time from £240,000,000 to about £740,000,000, or a debt four times as great per head of the population as the present debt of Canada. Trafalgar had given her the command of the sea, and had so preserved her national life, but on land she had been anything but successful. Her land forces had been repeatedly checked or defeated. The Duke of York had been defeated and obliged to retreat from Dunkirk in 1793; the English army was driven out of Holland in 1794; another English army under the Duke of York had capitulated at Alkmaar in 1799, and following these events came the most lamentable failure of all, the Walcheren Expedition of 1809. In the Peninsular war, generally considered a successful one because it ended victoriously, it must not be forgotten that the British were driven out of Spain in 1809 at Corunna, back to the lines of Torres Vedras in 1810, and to the Portuguese frontier in 1811. It was not till the victory of Salamanca in July, 1812, that the prospect began to look hopeful.

In striking contrast to these unfortunate British experiences were the brilliant and meteoric successes of their great enemy Napoleon. The campaigns of Ulm and Austerlitz, of Jena, Eylau and Friedland, of Eckmuhl and Wagram had placed nearly all Europe under his feet. The troops of Austria, Prussia, Italy and Germany fought under his orders, and obeyed his commands as readily as the veterans of his Imperial Guard. All during the early part of 1812 the roads of Central Europe were filled with columns of the finest soldiers of the continent pouring on to the Russian frontier, in the confident expectation of subduing the last remnant of opposition to the supremacy of Napoleon. Up to this period Napoleon's progress had been uniform and extraordinary, and everything pointed to his continued success. We who have the knowledge of the horrors of the retreat from Moscow, of the defeat at Leipsic, the abdication at Fontainebleau, the exile at Elba, the final disaster at Waterloo, the lonely imprisonment and dismal end at St. Helena, can hardly appreciate the feeling of the civilized world in reference to the ever-victorious Napoleon at the time when he crossed the Niemen and entered Russia.

Such was the condition of affairs in Europe when the United States, after preparing and planning for several years, at last declared war against England. Napoleon left Paris for the Russian campaign on the 9th of May, 1812. Wellington, checked and unsuccessful, had fallen back during the previous winter to the Portuguese frontier, Salamanca had not yet been fought when, on the 18th of June, 1812, the United States took the final step.

Major-General Brock was in command of the forces in Upper Canada in October, 1811, when he was also appointed President and Administrator of the Province during the absence of Governor Gore. His position was one of extraordinary difficulty, enough to appall the stoutest heart. He had only 1,500 regular troops, and a population of 70,000 from which to draw volunteers. The men in the country able to bear arms were estimated at 11,000, the number that could be surely depended upon and maintained in the field 4,000. The United States, months before the war was declared, had organized a force of regulars, volunteers and militia of 100,000, which was increased during the war to 576,000.

In addition to the enormous odds that Brock had to face, a worse difficulty than all was internal disaffection and treachery. The province had been originally settled by the United Empire Loyalists—the loyal, fighting men of the Revolution of 1776, who had made enormous sacrifices and suffered untold hardships in endeavoring to maintain the unity of the empire and their allegiance to their sovereign. These men were settled along the St. Lawrence, around the Bay of Quinte, about Toronto, and upon the Niagara frontier and Lake Erie. Colonel Simcoe had made such liberal terms

for free grant lands to settlers, that during the early years of the century large numbers from the United States had come in and were settled all over the province, but principally in the western districts and along the shore of Lake Erie. Some of these loyally stood by the cause of their adopted country, but large numbers, estimated at one-third of the entire population, were essentially disloyal and disaffected. Some of them had got into the House of Assembly, and were able to exert a most dangerous influence. For years the United States Government had emissaries all over the province, spreading fear and doubt among the people and urging them to disloyalty. The papers in the United States were filled with the reports of so-called travelers

as to the disloyal state of public opinion in Canada. Everything possible was done to create the belief that the Canadian people were ripe for annexation and would make no defence against invasion.

These reports were spread in the States by the war party to prepare the country for a warlike policy. In all the arguments in Congress in favor of declaring war against England, the disaffection in Canada was the strongest point made, it being confidently stated that the provinces could be conquered almost without soldiers, as the population were ready to rise at once against British authority. The lack of supplies, men, arms and money, was enough to dishearten the boldest spirit, but it was nothing compared with this secret treason and intrigue.

For months before the outbreak of the war Brock's letters show his great anxiety. In December, 1811, he writes to Sir George Prevost: "I cannot conceal from Your Excellency that unless a strong regular force be present to animate the loyal and control the disaffected, nothing effectual can be expected." Two months later he summoned Parliament and asked them to pass a supplementary Militia Act with an oath of abjuration provided in it. The bill was lost by the casting vote of the chairman, the alien element in the House being able to prevent its passage. The suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act, and the alien law asked for by him to enable him to deal with the foreign emissaries, met a like fate. Amid these annoyances and disappointments the months passed on, until in June, 1812, war was declared. Brock at once called out the flank companies of the militia, and in all the districts where the U. E. Loyalists had been settled the men turned out with great alacrity and intense enthusiasm. In the other districts where the recent immigrants from the States had settled, the militia, composed of these men, behaved badly, many refused to turn out, and foreign emissaries were riding about the country urging them to hold back. On the 6th of July Brock issued a proclamation ordering all persons suspected of traitorous intercourse with the enemy to be apprehended and prosecuted according to law. His letters at this time are filled with expressions of anxiety as to the machinations of the disloyal.

On the 27th of July Brock called an extra session of the House, once more to ask them to pass laws to enable him to deal with internal treachery, and he concluded his speech with these memorable words:

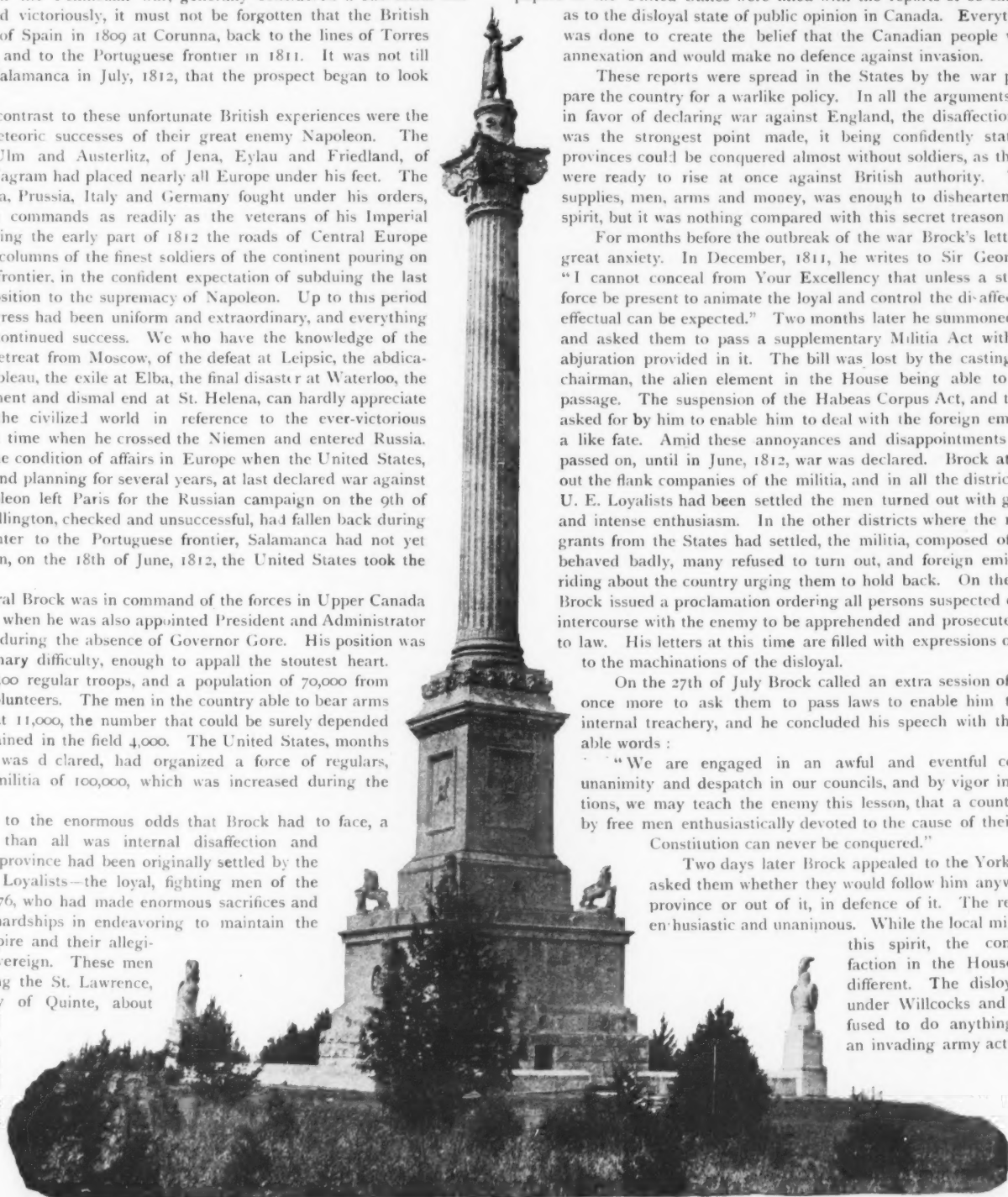
"We are engaged in an awful and eventful contest. By unanimity and despatch in our councils, and by vigor in our operations, we may teach the enemy this lesson, that a country defended by free men enthusiastically devoted to the cause of their King and Constitution can never be conquered."

Two days later Brock appealed to the York militia and asked them whether they would follow him anywhere in the province or out of it, in defence of it. The response was enthusiastic and unanimous. While the local militia showed this spirit, the conduct of a faction in the House was very different. The disloyal element under Willcocks and Marle refused to do anything, but, with an invading army actually in the country, wasted time over a school



MAJOR-GEN. SIR ISAAC BROCK.

From the painting by J. W. L. Forster in Government House, Toronto.



BROCK'S MONUMENT, QUEENSTON HEIGHTS. 200 FT. HIGH.

bill for eight days. Then it was that Brock took the bold and decided course which is his strongest claim to greatness and which has endeared him to the hearts of the loyal people of Canada as much as his brilliant successes in the field or his heroic death in action. He called his Executive Council together on the 3rd of August and drew their attention to the state of affairs, showed them that the House would do nothing, that the enemy had already invaded the province under General Hull in the West, was multiplying his preparations to invade at other points, that portions of the militia were disloyal and mutinous, that many had deserted to the enemy, and that he could do nothing unless he had power to restrain the aliens and traitors in their treasonable adherence to the enemy, and he asked whether it would be expedient to prorogue the House and proclaim martial law.

The Executive Council adjourned till next day for deliberation, and on the 4th of August endorsed his view that under his commission from the King he should proclaim martial law. On the 5th the House of Assembly was prorogued and martial law proclaimed, but not before the House had passed a most spirited address to the people of Upper Canada, urging them to the most strenuous exertions in defence of the Constitution. Willcocks, Marcle and Mallory, the leaders of the disloyal party in the House, deserted to the enemy and fought in their ranks against Canada, Willcocks being killed at Fort Erie in 1814.

On the 6th of August Brock left for the West, and on the 16th crossed the river and captured Detroit, a fortified post, with General Hull and his whole army of 2,500 men and immense stores of every description. In this affair Brock had only 400 militia, 330 regulars and 600 Indians. The militia were dressed in the cast-off and surplus uniforms of the regulars, and were mistaken by Hull for regulars. It was given as one excuse for the surrender that Brock had his militia disguised in red coats.

Brock left for Toronto in two or three days, and doubtless would have pursued his success by vigorous measures on the Niagara frontier had it not been for an armistice concluded by General Sir George Prevost, who utterly failed to appreciate the situation and believed that the United States Government had really gone to war on the pretext they had put forward, and that when that pretext was gone they would be willing to arrange for peace. The enemy used this armistice to enable them to make certain preparations and to get all the advantages possible, and then the moment they were ready ended it. Brock used this breathing space to get everything he could in order. The success at Detroit had an electrical effect upon the country. It inspired the timid, confirmed the wavering and overawed the disloyal. The more prominent

of the traitors were thrown into prison and many driven out of the country, while many fled of their own accord. This purging of the bad element had an immense influence on the result of the war, and relieved Canada of a class which would have been a curse to the community for generations but for this providential deliverance.

By the beginning of October it was known that an invasion of the Niagara district was imminent. The militia were brought out, and along the thirty-six miles of the river frontier Brock had about 1,400 regulars and volunteers, while the enemy on the other bank amounted to about 8,000, one half of whom were regulars. On the morning of the 13th of October, 1812, the attack was made before daylight by a force crossing from Lewiston to Queenston. The night was dark and rainy, and the first detachment landed unperceived. Their presence was soon discovered, and Captain Dennis of the 49th Regiment, with a small party of his own company and some militia, attacked them with vigor and drove them with considerable loss back to the shelter of the river bank. A lull took place then for a time, and General Brock, who was seven miles away, at Fort George, hearing the cannonade, galloped to Queenston with his aides, Lieut.-Col. Macdonell and Captain Glegg. On his arrival he at once rode up to the one-gun battery on the slope of the heights. He was surveying the whole scene of operations when suddenly from the heights above shouts were heard, followed by a volley of bullets, and at once a large body of the enemy came charging down upon the rear of the battery. Resistance was useless. There was no time to mount, and, leading their horses, the officers ran down into the village, followed by the small detachment of gunners who had manned the battery. After sending orders to General Sheaffe to push on reinforcements, Brock galloped to the far end of the village, where the light company of the 49th was drawn up in line awaiting orders. He was received with a loud cheer, and wheeling his horse in the direction of the heights he exclaimed, "Follow me, boys," and led them on the run to the foot of the ascent. There he dismounted and said, "Take breath, boys; we shall need it in a few minutes," and bringing up the grenadier company of the 49th and the York militia he led the whole up the steep hill towards the battery, waving his sword and encouraging his men. The fire was very heavy and Brock was soon wounded in the wrist; shortly afterwards he was shot through the breast near the heart, when he sank to the ground murmuring to those near him to conceal his fall. His last command was, "Push on, York Volunteers."

Brock's death and the great superiority of the enemy in numbers, as well as the strength of their position on the heights, caused the British forces to fall back for a time. It was not long before reinforcements came in under General

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Sheaffe, as well as others from up the river. The death of Brock had roused the anger of his men to such a pitch that when Sheaffe led them up the heights to the west and moved down upon the enemy's position, there was no hesitation, the men charging forward with loud shouts, furious to avenge the death of their general. Resistance was soon over, the whole force of the enemy being practically either killed, wounded or taken prisoners.

This action settled the fate of the first year's campaign. The complete and overwhelming successes of Detroit and Queenston Heights, in which two invading armies were virtually annihilated, had an immense influence on all the future operations of the war. The British regulars and Canadian militia were so inspired with confidence that no odds seemed to daunt them, and at Stony Creek, Chrysler's Farm, Chateauguay and other fields, decisive victories were won in spite of tremendous odds, until at last the United States were glad to make peace without securing one single object for which they entered upon the war. To the Canadian people the advantage was incalculable. It gave us a glorious page in our history, it purged us of a bad element, it consolidated our people and gave them a national spirit and a confidence in their future.

Canada is indebted for all this to her great hero, Brock. Not one man in one hundred thousand would have faced such difficulties and dangers and trials with such an undaunted spirit. It is a significant and curious fact that when Brock mounted his horse at Fort George before daylight on the 13th of October to ride to Queenston to repel the invading army, he left behind him in the Niagara jail and court house over 300 aliens and traitors under the guard of about sixty old men and invalids, and that when he led his men up the heights in the gallant charge in which he fell, the loyal troops under his command did not equal in number the prisoners he was guarding in his rear. It is no wonder that Canadians love and venerate the name of Brock, nor that they have erected to his memory, on the commanding site where he died and where his remains are buried, one of the loftiest and most graceful monuments in the world.

Brock's action during the whole of his career when guiding the affairs of this province, will be an inspiration and example to Canadians in all succeeding generations. It is sincerely to be hoped that such trials may never again come upon our people.

"But we know if war should ever
 Boem again o'er field and river,
 And the hordes of the invader should appear within our land,
 Far and wide the trumpets pealing
 Would awake the same old feeling,
 And again would deeds of daring sparkle out on every hand."

"So you cheerfully concede that your son knows more than you do?"
 "Certainly. You don't catch me admitting that my father could bring up children better than I can."—*Tit-Bits*.

THE VIAVI CAUSE

A Grand Movement for the Education of Woman

Teaching her how to reach the highest position physically, mentally, morally and politically.

Free Lectures are given to women in all the principal cities of the Dominion EVERY week, and are given by ladies, who have seen the grand possibilities of the Cause, and are making a life work of it. If there is a VIAVI lecture announced for your town, do not miss it. You will be delighted.

This company has Branch Houses in every Province in the Dominion, managers for every county, local representatives in each town. They do not place their goods in drug or general stores. VIAVI can only be procured from the Head Office (for Canada) Suite L, Confederation Life Building, Toronto, or from representatives. They prefer ladies to buy VIAVI from the representative nearest them. If no representative is near to you send your order to headquarters, where all information will be promptly furnished.

The Company desire none to use the treatment unless a cure is PROBABLE, and if the Medical Department thinks you will not be cured, you will be refused the treatment. They do not want a cent of your money unless by curing you, you can be made a friend of the Cause.

The treatment consists not only of a vegetable remedy sufficient to last a given length of time, but consists also of free consultation with a competent lady physician all the time you are using the remedy.

Over 250 of Canada's brightest women have identified themselves with the work of placing this HOME Treatment in the hands of suffering women, and educating them how to regain their health, and keep it.

This is a treatment for uterine diseases, and all conditions arising therefrom, AND IT CURES.

VIAVI is peculiarly Nature's remedy, and is absolutely free from any harmful drugs. At the request of the Ontario Medical Society and the School of Pharmacy, VIAVI was analyzed by five of the leading chemists of the Dominion, and they all reported they could find no harmful drugs in it.

VIAVI builds up the entire system, purifies the blood, strengthens the nerves, and is a constitutional as well as a local treatment.

Thousands of ladies in Canada say that a course of VIAVI treatment restored them to perfect health after their physicians said they could not be cured without an operation. This treatment is at a small cost and "NO DANGER." No other treatment can show such results, or parallel testimonials, or testimonials from the same class of ladies.

Write Head Office for Ladies' Health Book and testimonials. Lady physician constantly in attendance.

The Art of Catering

successfully for the most critical and fashionable society of Canada has been acquired by long experience.

So far as possible this experience has been condensed into a handsome catalogue, just published, containing a list of the choicest inventions of high-class cookery and the latest European novelties. It should be in the hands of all ladies who entertain, and will be mailed free on application.

We furnish estimates for Weddings, Banquets, Dinners, Receptions and other entertainments in town or country.

We make Wedding Cakes and Christmas Cakes that are unequalled for fine quality and artistic decoration. They are shipped by express to all parts of the Dominion. Safe arrival guaranteed.

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YOUR GENTLEMEN FRIENDS

Whether acquaintance, sweetheart or husband will indeed experience *peace on earth* and feel *goodwill toward men* if you provide or present them with some of our famous Cigars, or a box of Westminster Smoking Mixture. We give specially prompt attention to our lady patrons.

A full range of goods from the lowest to the highest prices, all specially good value, and the handsomest Cigar Emporium in Canada in which to make your selections.

G. W. MULLER, 9 King St. Wes., Toronto

Fine Turkish Cigarettes in fancy packages, specially imported by us for our Xmas trade.

The First of these Monthly Competitions will commence January 1st, 1897, and will be continued each month during 1897.

\$1,625 IN BICYCLES AND WATCHES **GIVEN FREE EACH MONTH**

As Follows:
10 First Prizes, \$100 Stearns' Bicycle, . . . \$ 1,000
25 Second " \$25 Gold Watch 625
Bicycles and Watches given each month . . . 1,625
12

Total given during year 1897, \$19,500

FOR **Sunlight** SOAP WRAPPERS

HOW TO OBTAIN THEM.

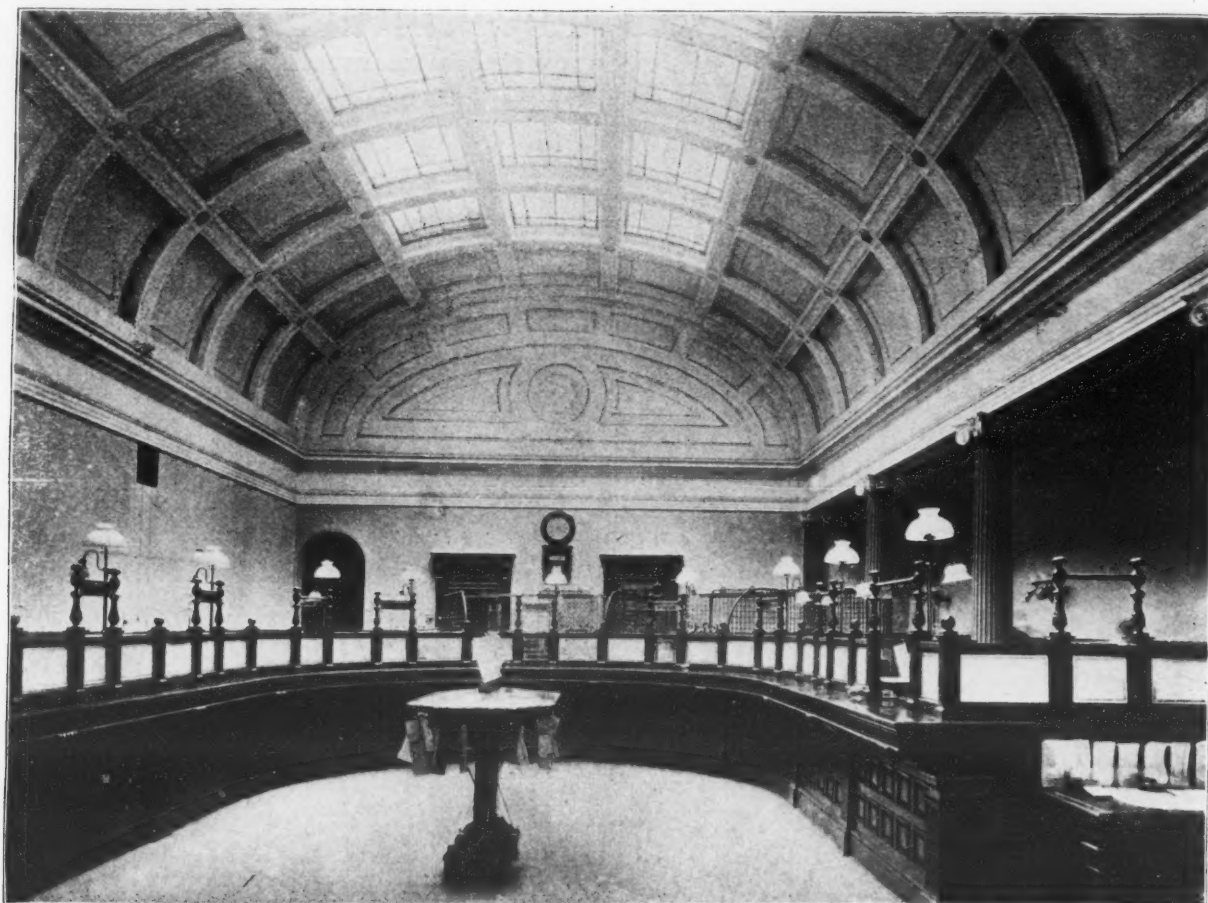
Competitors to save as many "Sunlight" Soap Wrappers as they can collect. Cut off the top portion of each wrapper—that portion containing the heading "SUNLIGHT SOAP." These called "Coupons" are to be sent enclosed with a sheet of paper on which the competitor has written his or her full name and address, and the number of coupons sent in, postage paid, to Messrs. Lever Bros., Ltd., 23 Scott St., Toronto, marked on the Postal Wrapper (top left-hand corner), with the NUMBER of the DISTRICT Competitor lives in.

RULES.

1. Every month during 1897, in each of the 5 districts, prizes will be awarded as follows:
The 5 competitors who send in the largest numbers of coupons from the district in which they reside, will each receive, at winner's option, a lady's or gent's Stearns' Bicycle, value \$100.
The 5 competitors who send in the next largest numbers of coupons from the district in which they reside, will each receive, at winner's option, a lady's or gent's Gold Watch, value \$25.
2. The competitions will close the last day of each month during 1897. Coupons received too late for one month's competition will be put into the next.
3. Competitors who obtain wrappers from unsold soap in dealer's stock will be disqualified. Employees of Messrs. Lever Brothers, Ltd., and their families, are debarred from competing.
4. A printed list of winners in competitor's district will be forwarded to competitors 21 days after each competition closes.
5. Messrs. Lever Brothers, Ltd., will endeavor to award the prizes fairly to the best of their ability and judgment, but it is understood that all who compete agree to accept the award of Messrs. Lever Brothers, Ltd., as final.

LEVER BROS., Ltd., 23 Scott St., Toronto
Syracuse, N.Y., & Toronto, Ont. Each wheel is guaranteed by the makers and has complete attachments.

THE fact should be apparent to all business men that TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT and its CHRISTMAS NUMBER must be the best advertising medium in Canada for presenting the claims of every article of household use, ladies, and gentlemen's luxuries and such goods as appeal to cultured tastes in lowly as well as wealthy homes.






THE BANK OF HAMILTON, TORONTO.

The above engraving presents a view of the new offices of the BANK OF HAMILTON, 34 YONGE STREET, TORONTO, which have been occupied since January last. The situation is a most advantageous one, being in the heart of the wholesale section of the city and immediately opposite the Toronto Board of Trade. A general banking business is transacted.

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MANUFACTURERS OF

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HOUSEHOLD UTENSILS

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ASK FOR THESE BRANDS:

"Diamond" Steel Ware

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All our goods are full weight and well coated.



Pianos on whose undoubted superiority you can rely.

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Are acknowledged to be the BEST wherever refined civilization is known.

While we represent none of the inferior makers of pianos, our prices are very low, and terms inviting.

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At settlement he received **\$168** for every **\$100** invested, or nearly **4 1-2** per cent. compound interest, besides **20** years insurance carried.

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and all the dainty toilet necessities that adorn a ladies' bureau.

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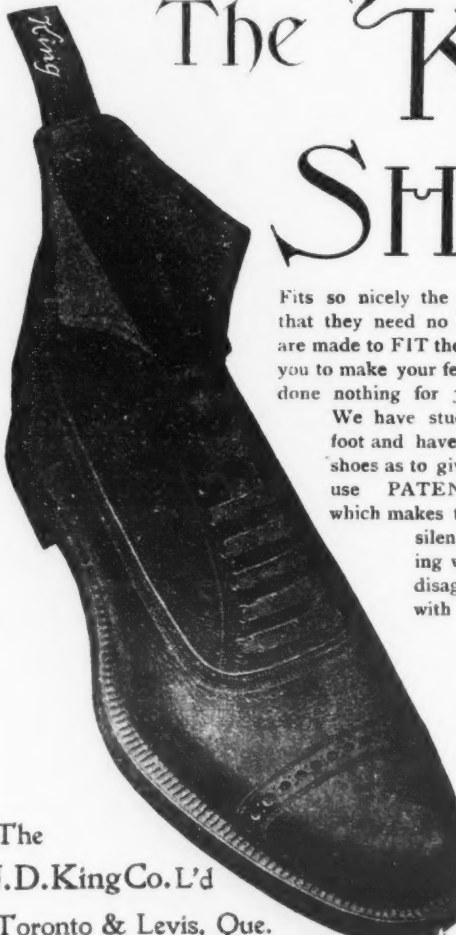
Canada Life Assurance Co.

Life, 10 payments, for \$1000. Age at issue, 29.
W. H. McCHESNEY, Oshawa, Ont.
No. 5358 Issued April, 1866. Premium, \$40.50.

YEAR.	PREMIUM.	SUM ASSURED PLUS BONUS ADDITION PROFITS.
1866	\$40 50	\$1000 00
1867	40 50	1000 00
1868	40 50	1000 00
1869	40 50	1000 00
1870	40 50	1125 00
1871	40 50	1125 00
1872	40 50	1125 00
1873	40 50	1125 00
1874	40 50	1125 00
1875	40 50	1250 00
1876		1250 00
1877		1250 00
1878		1250 00
1879		1250 00
1880	No more Premiums to pay.	1375 00
1881		1375 00
1882		1375 00
1883		1375 00
1884		1375 00
1885		1500 25
1886		1500 25
1887		1500 25
1888		1500 25
1889		1600 25
1890		1600 25
1891		1600 25
1892		1600 25
1893		1600 25
1894		1700 25

Bonus addition profits equal 174 per cent. of all premiums paid.
Interim profits paid in event of death during quinquennial period.
The results on this policy are in no way exceptional to those on similar policies in the Canada Life Assurance Company.

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Speak
for
Them-
selves.



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We have studied the anatomy of the foot and have learned to so model our shoes as to give ease and comfort. We use PATENT CANVAS INSOLE which makes the shoe light, flexible and silences the noise and squeaking which is so noticeable and disagreeable. In combination with the insole we use CORK, which shuts out all dampness and wet, making a complete and perfect shoe, a corn destroyer not a corn creator. Ask your shoe dealer to show you these shoes, and if you buy them you will be comfortable, happy, satisfied, knowing that you have got good value for your money.

The
J.D.King Co. L'd
Toronto & Levis, Que.



"TEMPLE BUILDING"

The Independent Order of Foresters

Furnish, in addition to the Social and other Privileges and Benefits of a First-class Fraternal Society, Life Insurance at less than one-half the rates charged by the Old Line Companies.

Benefits Given by the I.O.F. To the Member During Lifetime.

A.—BY THE SUBORDINATE COURTS.

1.—Free Medical Attendance of the Court Physician within whose jurisdiction the Brother is taken sick. Some Courts, in addition, furnish medicine free, as well as trained nurses if deemed necessary by the Court.

B.—BY THE SUPREME COURT.

2.—A Sick Benefit of \$1.00 a week for the first two weeks and \$5.00 a week for the next ten weeks, and, as provided in Section 224 (5), of the Constitutions and Laws of the Order, \$3.00 a week for an additional twelve weeks.

3.—A Total and Permanent Disability Benefit of \$250, \$500, \$1,000, \$1,500, \$2,000 or \$2,500.

To His Beneficiaries, at His Death.

4.—A Funeral Benefit of \$50.

5.—A Mortuary Benefit of \$500, \$1,000, \$2,000, \$3,000, \$4,000 or \$5,000.

Cost of Joining a Court.

- 1.—The Deposit Fee, which must accompany the Application for Membership..... \$1.00
- 2.—The Initiation Fee, which must be not less than..... 3.00
- 3.—The Registration Fee, which is 50 cents for each \$500 of Mortuary Benefit taken (say for \$1,000)..... 1.00
- 4.—The Certificate Fee, which pays for the Certificate of Membership..... 1.00
- 5.—The Medical Examination Fee..... 1.50

A candidate taking \$2,000 of Mortuary Benefit would be required to pay \$1.00 extra Registration Fee and 50 cents extra for Medical Examination Fee, thus making the total cost of admission..... 8.00

If taking \$3,000 Mortuary Benefit, the cost would be..... 9.00

If taking \$4,000 Mortuary Benefit, the cost would be..... 11.00

If taking \$5,000 Mortuary Benefit, the cost would be..... 13.00

Rates of Assessment (Ordinary Class)

AGE	\$1,000	AGE	\$1,000
18	\$0.60	37	\$0.84
19	61	38	86
20	62	39	88
21	63	40	90
22	64	41	92
23	65	42	94
24	66	43	96
25	67	44	98
26	68	45	1.00
27	69	46	1.02
28	70	47	1.04
29	71	48	1.06
30	72	49	1.08
31	73	50	1.10
32	74	51	1.12
33	75	52	1.14
34	76	53	1.16
35	77	54	1.18
36	78	55	1.20

Phenomenal Growth of the I.O.F.

The following tabulated figures will show the marvellous growth of the Order since 1881:

DATE.	Members.	Surplus.	Per Cap. ita.	Death rate pr 1000
January, 1881.....	1,019	\$ 3,555	\$3.48	11.00
" 1882.....	1,134	4,709	4.14	4.73
" 1883.....	2,210	13,070	5.91	4.23
" 1884.....	2,558	20,098	7.86	7.76
" 1885.....	3,642	31,082	8.53	4.85
" 1886.....	5,304	60,145	10.39	5.78
" 1887.....	7,811	86,102	11.02	6.43
" 1888.....	11,800	117,599	9.96	5.85
" 1889.....	17,349	188,130	10.84	5.18
" 1890.....	24,604	283,567	11.54	6.40
" 1891.....	32,303	408,798	12.65	6.85
" 1892.....	43,024	580,597	13.49	5.47
" 1893.....	54,484	868,857	15.76	5.47
" 1894.....	70,055	1,197,225	16.94	5.67
" 1895.....	86,521	1,650,373	18.03
October, ".....	99,018	1,891,101	19.09

Surplus on 1st November, 1896, \$1,942,413.

For further information respecting the I. O. F. apply to

ORONHYATEKHA, M.D., S.C.R.,
Toronto, Ont.

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REV. W. J. MCCAUGHAN, 5 Royal Ave., Belfast, Ireland.

Or to any Officer or Deputy of the Order.

ASSESSMENT SYSTEM